



The Learned Searcher In the Finding Sea

by Kevin Feil Secunda

Dedicated to journalism, as not a profession alone, but a way of life.

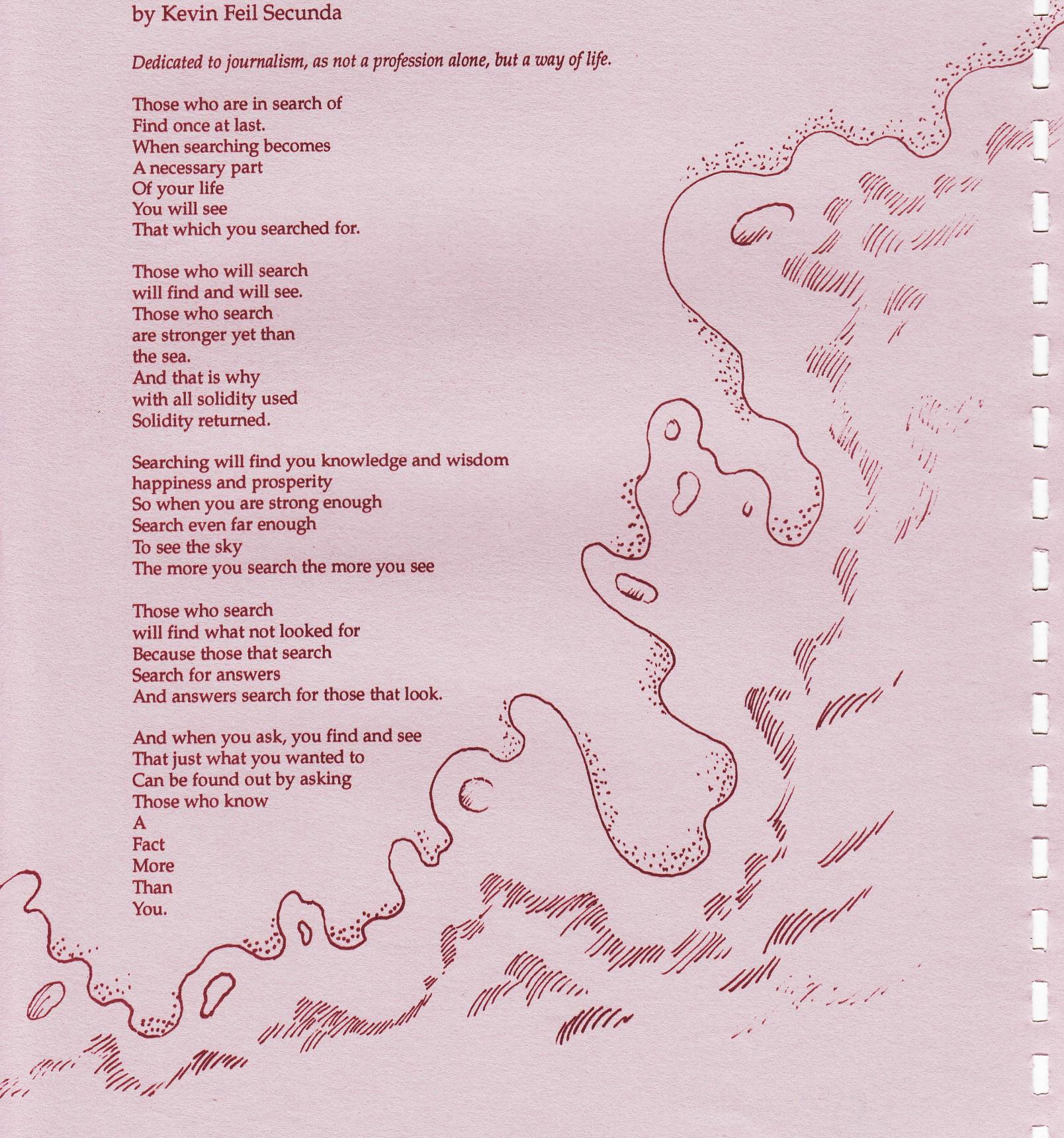
Those who are in search of
Find once at last.
When searching becomes
A necessary part
Of your life
You will see
That which you searched for.

Those who will search
will find and will see.
Those who search
are stronger yet than
the sea.
And that is why
with all solidity used
Solidity returned.

Searching will find you knowledge and wisdom
happiness and prosperity
So when you are strong enough
Search even far enough
To see the sky
The more you search the more you see

Those who search
will find what not looked for
Because those that search
Search for answers
And answers search for those that look.

And when you ask, you find and see
That just what you wanted to
Can be found out by asking
Those who know
A
Fact
More
Than
You.





Jon Kroll



Dedicated to Friends

by Heidi Handelsman

My frizzled brain
Is searching for shade
I'm having captivity nightmares
I'm wishing in my sleep
I scream at night
But I forget why I scream
Quit biting my arm
Right, I guess I'm supposed to let go
When you bite me
I felt sick, so I went back to sleep
Twenty minutes later
I mooned my good friend Stalin
I hurt like a pregnant cow
But you got the job
You're shining as a slob

That guy who spent most of a year
In my peripheral vision
Finally exploded
Water and weather drip from Heaven
So put a good order in the cosmic kitchen
Now, we're walking on the rubber band
And wondering where the moon went
I'm not getting over it
I'm just recuperating
So, I've conquered the world
And I'm ready to retire
And you got the job
You're shining as a slob

Do you think if I lied to my Senator
He would know?
So, today I hate socks
Ask me tomorrow
And I'll tell you it's Wednesday
So, I need a balloon and a toothbrush
I'm glad I figured that out
I'm wondering how many times
I must say I love you
Before it becomes true
I'm back in the chase
I love the tension
The surprises
The awkwardness
It's fresh meat
It's excitement
I'll always have the moon
But I can find Venus, too
My hands will rob
Him of his mob
So softly sob
You got the job
You're shining as a slob

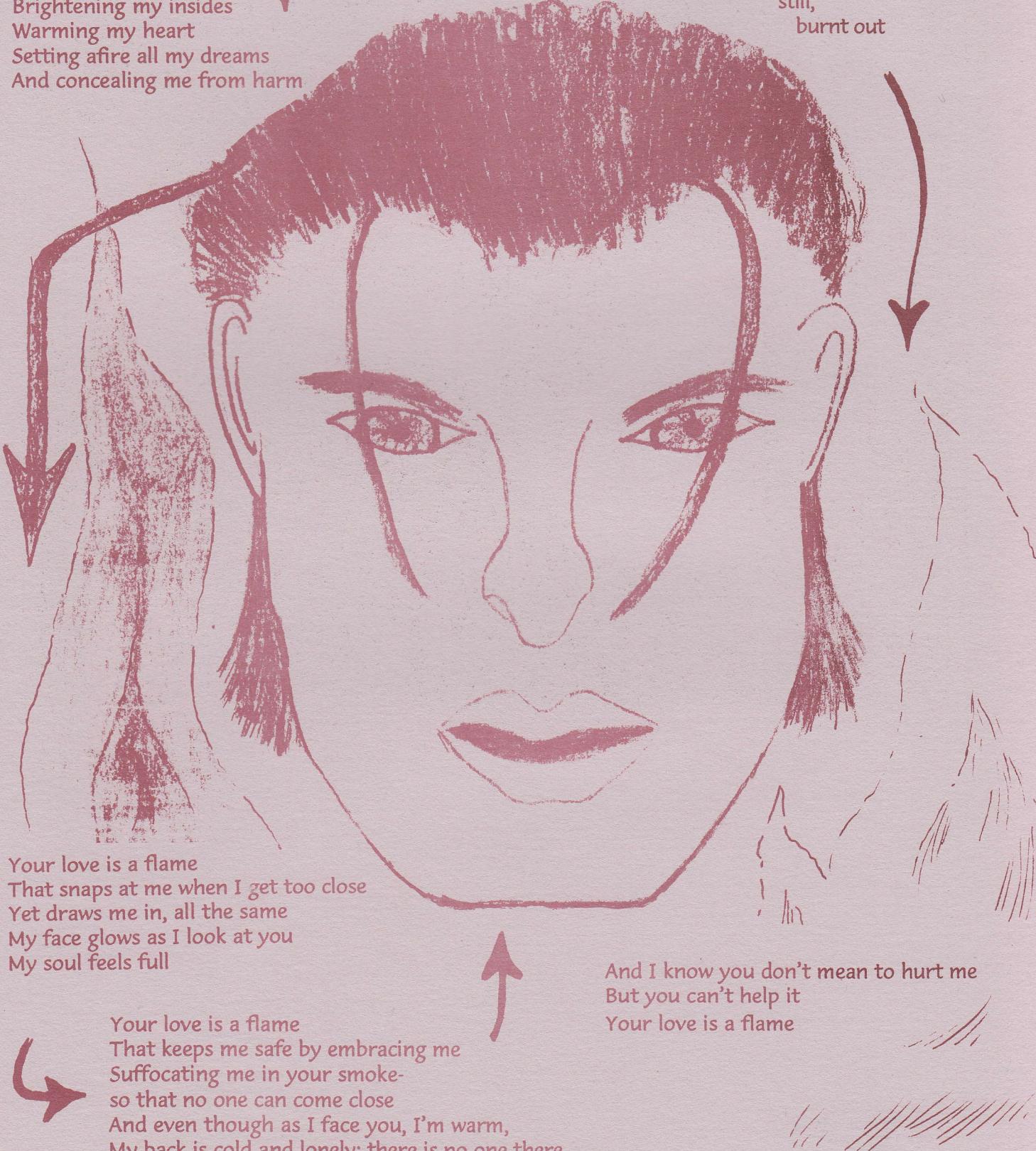
FLAME

DeAnna Shemo

Your love is a flame
Scalding hot and ever-hungry
For innocent things to consume
Burning the inexperienced-
Who rush in to feel your warmth

Your love is a flame
Brightening my insides
Warming my heart
Setting afire all my dreams
And concealing me from harm

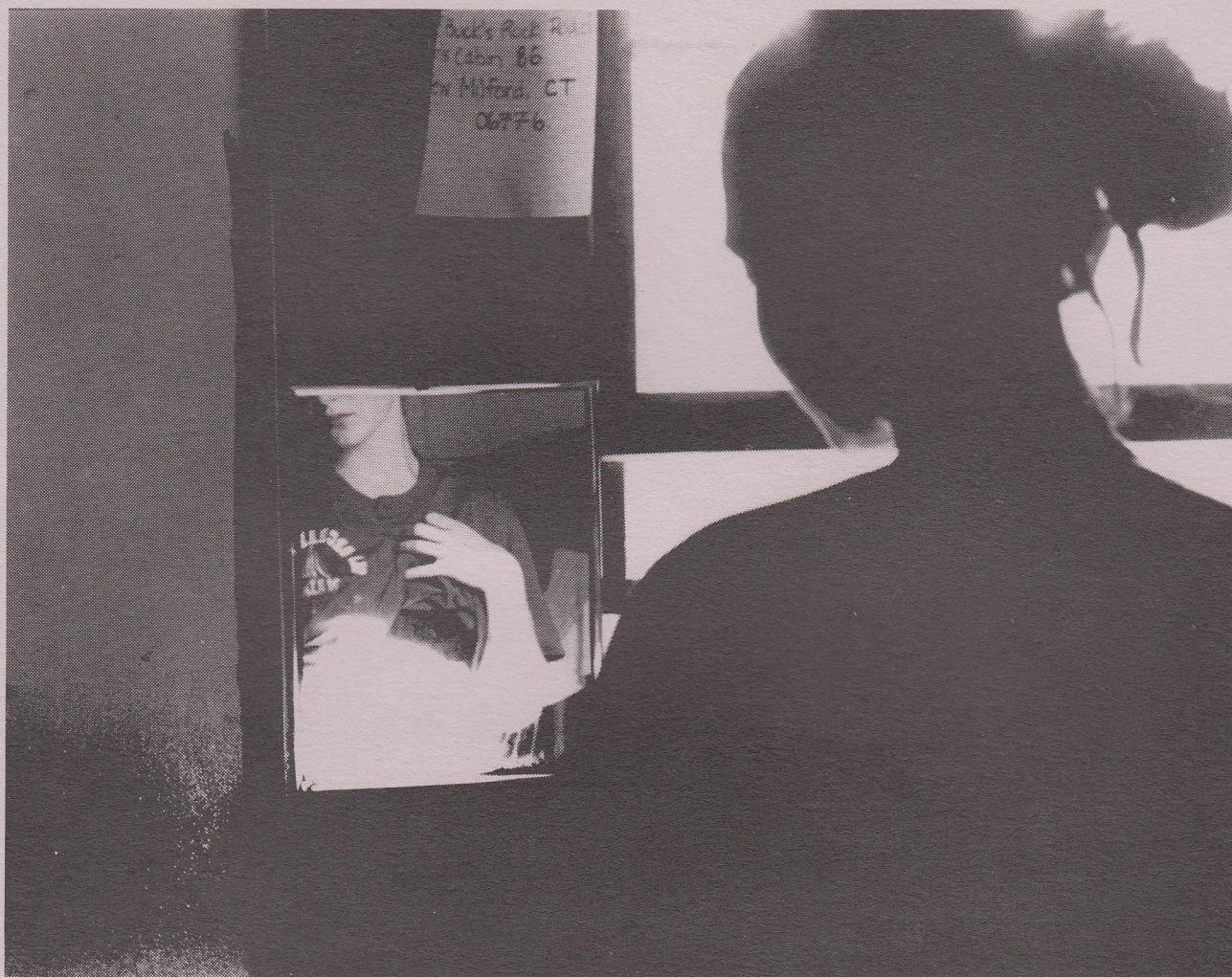
Your love is a flame
That flickers and dances uncertainly
Then, with one slight breeze, is gone
And now it burns for another
Leaving me cold,
still,
burnt out



Your love is a flame
That snaps at me when I get too close
Yet draws me in, all the same
My face glows as I look at you
My soul feels full

Your love is a flame
That keeps me safe by embracing me
Suffocating me in your smoke-
so that no one can come close
And even though as I face you, I'm warm,
My back is cold and lonely; there is no one there

And I know you don't mean to hurt me
But you can't help it
Your love is a flame



Juliana Salter



the red dancers

jena barchas lichtenstein

Each house in the row had a strong foundation. With the amount of rain that was usual in the region, they'd have been washed away long ago if it weren't so. The residents of the houses all sat in the six inches of rain that had been spilled in the past half hour and stared miserably at their flooded yards from rain-washed windows.

A woman ventured outside to examine the damage done to her garden. Her bare feet splashed as she stepped carefully through the flooded path. She ignored the water that streamed down her body as she tenderly pulled a handful of red flowers from the ground and clutched them to her body, and returned indoors. Watching, her neighbors sighed.

From inside their homes, the dwellers of the rainy houses shuddered as the fogged-over gray of their windows flashed scarlet and cobalt. None of them were used to the sirens that they felt sure were passing by. One small girl began to bawl loudly, and her wails carried through the houses an echo of the siren's cry. Slowly, each nose inside each house began to register the queer smell that they had been trying not to notice. Finally, one man gave definition to the words that had been reverberating in the most secret, the wisest part of each: "where there's smoke, there's fire." although most of those affected did not actually hear his words, they all acknowledged the tragedy at that moment.

The woman who had picked her flowers earlier was the first to exit her house and cast her eyes upon the row. Quickly, she was drawn towards an old barn standing beyond the row. Flames were kissing it greedily, caressing what remained of the roof with long fingers and tongues. In an occasional rising, their shadows would fall so far as to flicker over the row of houses in warning. It seemed to her that the houses had suddenly grown droopy and old in comparison with this strong, young giant.

Following her feet instead of making them follow her, she found herself standing as close to the barn as the barrier of fire would allow. Another hand, this one cast from the sky, touched the barn, slowly transforming into a golden rod, and then bringing more red dancers into the fray. She still held her flowers, which matched the outer skin of the blazing rite. She tucked one into her hair without noticing, and then pushed another in the direction of the charred building. The flames reached out and caught it, devouring it as soon as it was within their grasp. She walked back to her house, a soft smile dancing over her lips like the flames on the roof.



Shedding the snakeskin
by Anne Rosenzweig

1. An armor of scales.

Smooth metallic knighthood.
Red and raw, a bite
stings, a reminder
from my very own green venom eyes.

Layer upon layer, an army of scales
peeling back to the heart of me.

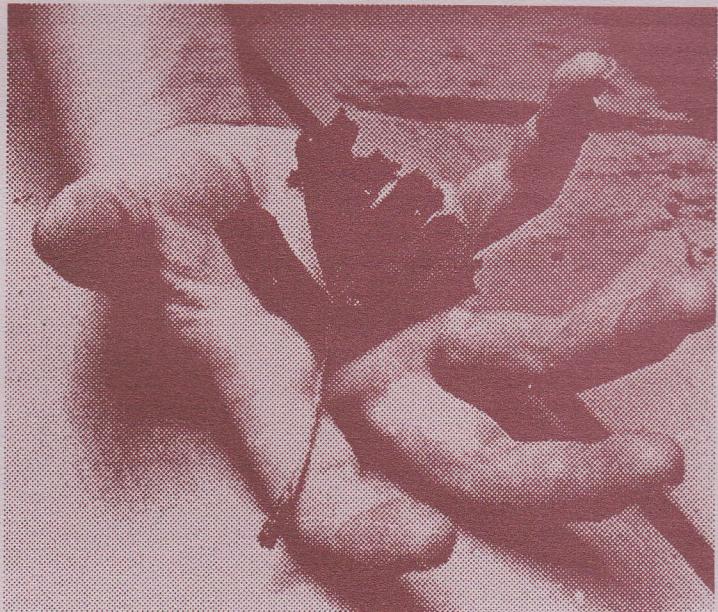
My eyes drain my fears -
My bite numbs my pain.
What wisdom? Self
hypnotism. A venom kiss
curls a noose around my neck,
slithery and smooth. Reassuring.
Desires,
Expectations,
Fears.

2. Scales flake.

Each wound opens up
a new place to breathe.
Pink slits gasp for air.
Sorely, tenderly, newly reborn,
the sun hits me for
the first time
in a long time.

(My eyelids snap open and roll to the back of my head).

The sun wounds my skin
a scar here, and there, and there.
But it is worth this,
the sun's kiss.



Anya Bondell

Group poem

by Evee Bertin-Lang, Amber Hornick-Becker,

Danielle Lipson, Lauren Rossi



On a stormy evening, some girls in Girls Annex 1 wrote a collective poem. Only allowed to read the line before theirs, they each wrote a line until they ran out of room on the page. Here is what they came up with.

The sky at night here is
beautiful, all the stars
glittering, shining

and they light up the sky, with a glimmer
that could guide you anywhere.

Just remember that if you're
misplaced in life, or you
are lost, you can be lost in
place, but not in mind.

But if you ever get the chance
to travel into your mind, watch out for the
monsters that eat away at your cells
and perhaps you if you're not careful.

And those thoughts in my head,
all day long, happy, happy thoughts,
or sometimes such sad, sad thoughts
all day long. But if you let those sad thoughts
get in the way of the good,
you will never be happy.

inspiration and help by:
Amy Walter (Pub)

Lost

By Michael Domecq (Spanky)

Lost in a violet sky with no
end, purple angels singing, dancing
How will we make it onto
the other side. Lost in a
world of hate and
confusion
Darkness overpowers thee
no way out, Lost.

Difference

Stare at this person just doing
her thing, not what "m.t.v."
says, just an average
girl who wants to show
what she thinks. They
think she's weird
I think she's Beautiful.

Reprinted from Mosquito Bites, July 1997

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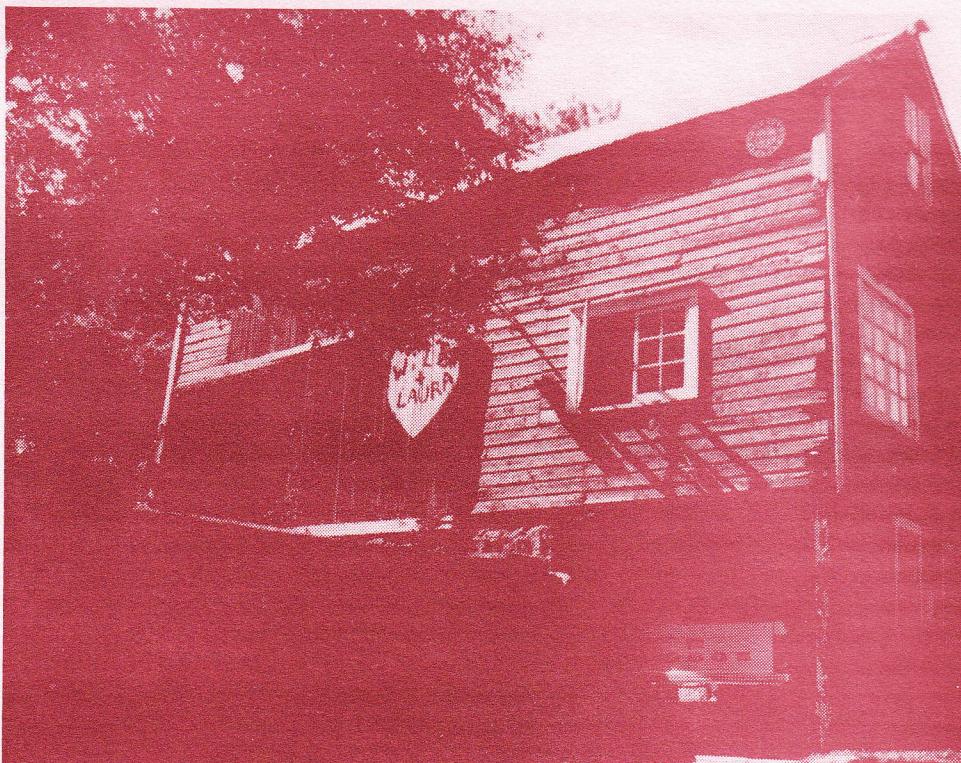




One Night in June

by Sally Abrahamson

Four years ago today I met you
Josie singing on a dock where the scattered boats lay their tired masts
You were dancing with the water
And I saw the freedom of your spirit
A lover's moon reflecting off the water
You walked over to me sitting idle
Extended your hand
And we, two strangers, danced to the nonexistent music.
A snapping turtle swam by
I laughed and You cried
I saw your eyes flaming
The kind of things you can't see in most people
Your hair wild with life
The fantastic Michigan wheat fields bowing at your presence
I prefer the lake
but we swam all afternoon with the butterflies
That night I promised I would always write
But you knew me too well
We never met again
past the one night in June



Xavier Newton

My Slippers

by Sarah Goff

I am not a morning person. I am sure many of you have seen me, that blonde girl in her pajamas and a sweatshirt, bumping around the dining hall at breakfast, yawning and wiping the crusts out of her eyes. This is the one part of my day when I look horrible and don't care. I feel like I am still in bed in my slippers, so dammit, I wear them. I try to adjust my morning environment to suit me. I am always suited by a pair of comfy slippers. When I snap out of it around 8:55, I am normally changed into more usual wear.

Actually, this isn't the only part of my day when I look horrible. The rest of the day I look half- horrible. It feels great. I am not a vain person. I have no problem looking half - horrible. I am delighted that there is a shortage of mirrors in my cabin, and I am disappointed that there are so many in the bathroom. I would be thrown out of town if my hair looked anything like it does here. I know this for certain, because I have done some test days without brushing my hair. It was a disaster.

People in my town are such jerks. Why is it a stranger's right to judge me? Why is it a stranger's obligation to cut me down? They made me a sensitive wreck. I wish I was blind to their remarks. Why do appearances matter so much to people outside of this not-caring capital of the world? First impressions mean nothing to me. If you are going to see that person again, what does it matter what you seemed like when you first met? If a person is only going to see your first impression, why do you want him/her to think highly of you anyway? I think that next year on the last day of school, I will wear my pajamas. There are no consequences that way. If anyone tries to slip in a comment or two, I'll make an obnoxious remark and breathe morning breath in his or her face.





Meant to Be

Sherry Lewkowicz

Carolyn and Daniel celebrated tonight,
Their fiftieth anniversary was the event,
Fifty years of true love and happiness,
Both knew for each other they were meant.

In 1947 they were married,
Soon there was a baby boy's giggles and tears,
All through the house they sounded,
Joy to his young parents' ears.

Not much later there came a second,
A beautiful girl with clear blue eyes,
Her voice may have not been loud,
But her thoughts were still wise.

They were all a family now,
And love filled their days,
When they looked back,
They had no regrets in their ways.

On their anniversary the couple remembered,
The beautiful day they met,
Carolyn was walking home from a class,
And Daniel had a project to get.

Carolyn looked away and bumped into Daniel,
All books falling to the ground,
Both leaned down to pick them up,
And the love of their lives was found.

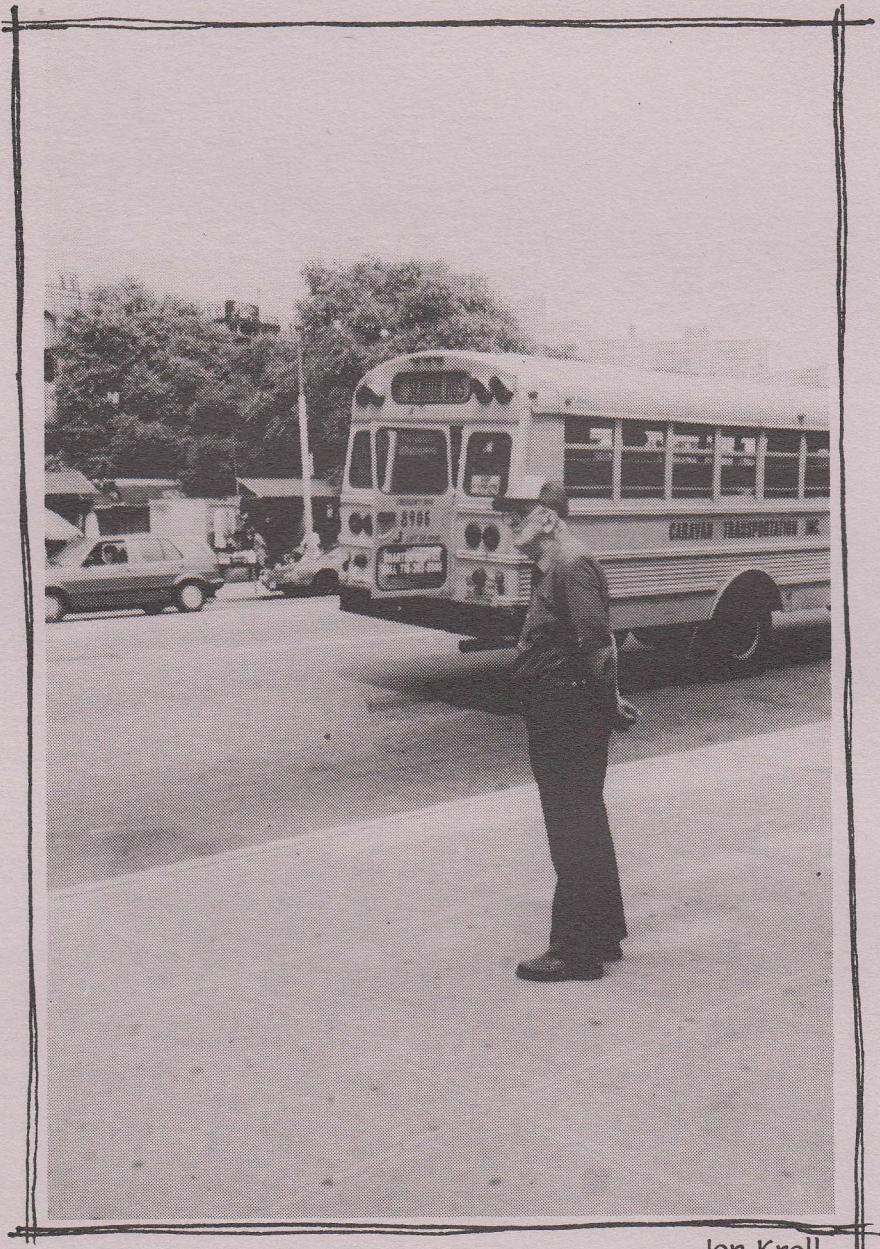
Daniel offered Carolyn a cup of coffee,
She gladly accepted,
And a love began, then and there,
Unfortunately, that's not what they really said.

Daniel did lean to help Carolyn pick up her books,
But his heart fluttered and he could not speak,
Carolyn saw his handsome face,
And she felt like a freak.

They turned and walked away,
Both denying fate,
They were too scared of rejection,
And then it was too late.

All those happy years never happened,
For their foolish hearts meant,
To not ever reach out and grasp,
Onto something of which they had always dreamt.





Jon Kroll

hiding

Katie Tabb

hiding
hiding in a tent
playing
playing in a tent
a tent made of bedsheets
just doesn't make me feel safe
feel safe the way it used to
feel safe
a room, in a house
four walls
hard walls
makes me feel safe
safe
safe, not in the way I used to feel safe
flimsy bedsheets for my flimsy problems
problems
problems that need plaster walls
walls to keep out the problems
but soon I will stand
stand unprotected, alone
alone
alone with my bedsheets

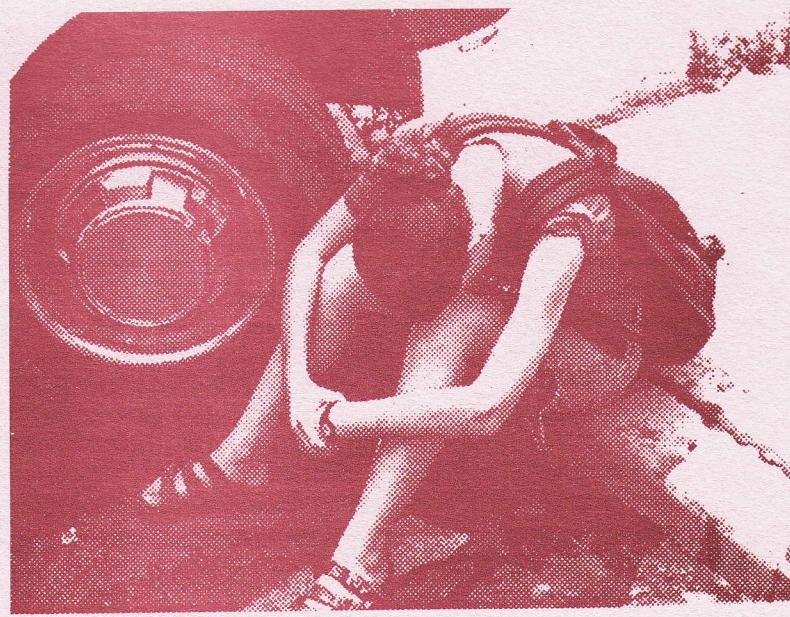
clothing

by Emily Brochin

"Clothing," he said, "is worn to be removed." I am sixteen - this is my first love affair. On the new moon, he brought me a sweater woven like a spider's web. And as I was trying it on, he was taking it from my shoulders, warmed already to his breath.

In the places between Andrew's neck and back, a scar survives from where I scratched him in the middle of the night a little too hard, so there was blood on his neck and my hands. Sometimes, this can be called violence.

Reprinted from CIT Words, July 1997



Lauren Gottlieb



Family Reunion

by Alex Rich

I received the phone call late last night — a woman spoke frantically over the line. I was not sure who this caller was nor what business she had with me. I politely asked her to tell me who she was, but she seemed to fear telling me. When I decided that my request for her name was in vain, I asked her what was the matter. She mumbled an odd response (which I could not understand), followed by:

“If you'll excuse me, I need a glass of water.”

I remained on the line and heard other voices in the background. Some were laughing, while others seemed to scream in fear.

Soon enough, someone picked up the line again. This time it was a new voice. A man, this time. He had a low monotone voice, almost the complete opposite of that of the woman who had spoken before. This man spoke in a well-articulated manner; I was relieved to be able to understand him.

“I must apologize for my sister's behavior. She just broke up with her latest boyfriend and is still in a state of shock. Believe it or not, she was skimming through the Yellow Pages in search of a new psychiatrist and liked the looks of your name. Personally, I don't think she needs help, but rather needs a nice, cold shower and a good night's — what? I'm sorry, if you'll excuse me for a moment, my mother's calling.”

I did not know what to think. Once again, I heard other voices in the background. It sounded as if there was a party going on. At least ten people in that house, I deduced.

I heard a new voice in the background. It was very faint, but the woman's words were quite clear. I heard another voice responding to hers.

“Yes, so that's one box of assorted chocolates, along with the mousse cake.”

“Will that be all, ma'am?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And let me double check — that's 254 South Burlington, apartment 15D?”

“Very good. Thank you!”

“Okay, ma'am. Bye!”

I now had the address. It wasn't too far from my apartment. At least I knew that it was not a maniac on a pay phone somewhere.

“Hi? You still there, Doctor?”

“Yes.”

“Sorry for taking so long. So — hmm — what was I saying? Oh! Well, my sister doesn't really need help. Ouch! Get off of me! Aaah!”

“Sir?” I exclaimed, “Are you there?”

The line was dead.

There was no use trying to sleep, so I got up and made myself some coffee. I decided that I would wander by 254 South Burlington in the morning and make sure everything was all right.

254 South Burlington was a modest building about fifteen stories high. There was no doorman, so I walked in.





There was an old-fashioned elevator straight ahead when I walked into the building. I pressed the small round button with the "UP" arrow. The elevator arrived and I stepped in. I pushed the button marked "15" and rode up.

The ride was very slow. I imagined what I might find after entering the apartment. I imagined a nicely-furnished living room with a beautiful library with hundreds of books. I imagined that this apartment belonged to the sister and that the brother, mother and others were there to comfort her.

My thoughts drifted towards the end of my conversation with the brother and the dramatic scene with which it ended. Had something happened? Had an animal attacked him? Had his depressed sister attacked him? Would I find a dead body lying there in a pool of blood?

The elevator doors opened. I saw a small hallway with four doors. I was in search of 15D and I approached the door.

I rang the doorbell with hopes of a quick response from the happy, healthy and living brother. I waited for some five minutes for a response. I dreaded the worst. I glanced around the hallway; there was no movement.

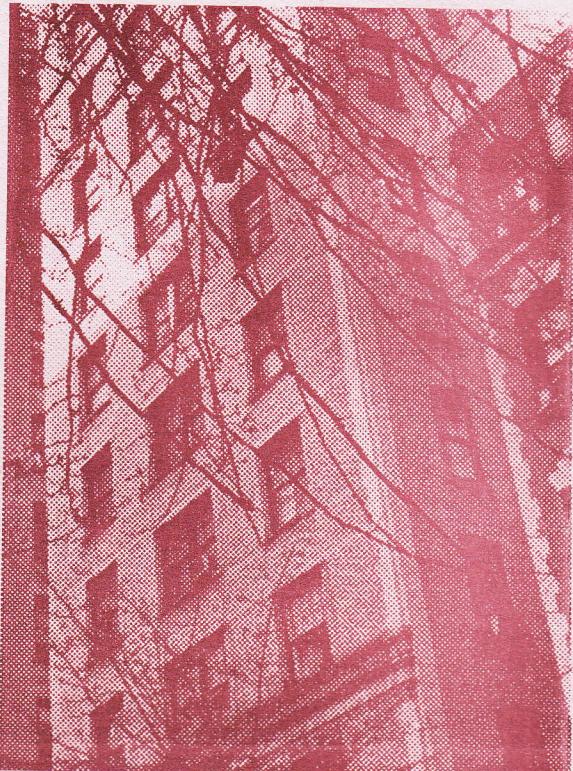
I raised my hand toward the doorbell again and, in doing so, the door opened slightly. I glanced around again and peered through the crack.

The inside was very bright. On the opposite wall there was a large bay window, which allowed the mid-morning sunlight to fill the room. 15D was a small studio apartment, which, by the way it was decorated, looked larger than it actually was.

I pushed the door open wider and yelled a quick "hello." No response. I stepped inside. I saw no one. There was nothing in the apartment besides a wicker chair. The chair sat near the window and was rocking slowly back and forth. I approached the chair. As I was able to get a better look, I noticed another object. A telephone sat beside the chair. The receiver was off the base and lying on the floor.

I looked over towards the chair. A small man sat in it, clutching a teddy bear. No, there were two bears. Each wore a shirt. One read "Mother." The other read "Sister." On the floor in front of the man was a box of chocolates. It was empty.

Here was the scene of the party. There was the dessert. There, in the chair, sat the family full of problems. There sat my new patient.



Jon Kroll

Inspiration

by Elisabeth Mimi Karczmer

Clinging to objects,
surroundings...
Bang a drum, sing till
your voice stops...
Clap your hands for
the talented, majestic performers...
cry when feeling happy, sad
or for no reason...
Laugh so loud the whole
world can hear you...
Dream during the day and
all night...
Explore whatever smacks you
in the face...
fulfill your every desire...

The Perfect Night

By Sasha Kaufmann

The car's speed threw the wind into my light brown hair as I sat there in the midst of the buzzing night sounds with the waves crashing against the shore. I felt like the two worlds of water and woods were about to collide with me in the middle.

I took in the smell of the sweetest pine and saltwater as the roaring sounds of Thunder Hole passed me. The full moon glistened off the water; creating a million sparkles. I could see the open ocean through the jagged cliffs as we turned in to the thick pine forest.

I felt little fingertips trying to squirm into my clammy hands. The moonlit sky was the only light shining down on our faces. I could see my little sister's face, pale, looking up at me with fright. I took her warm, shivering body under my arm, like a mother robin to its young.

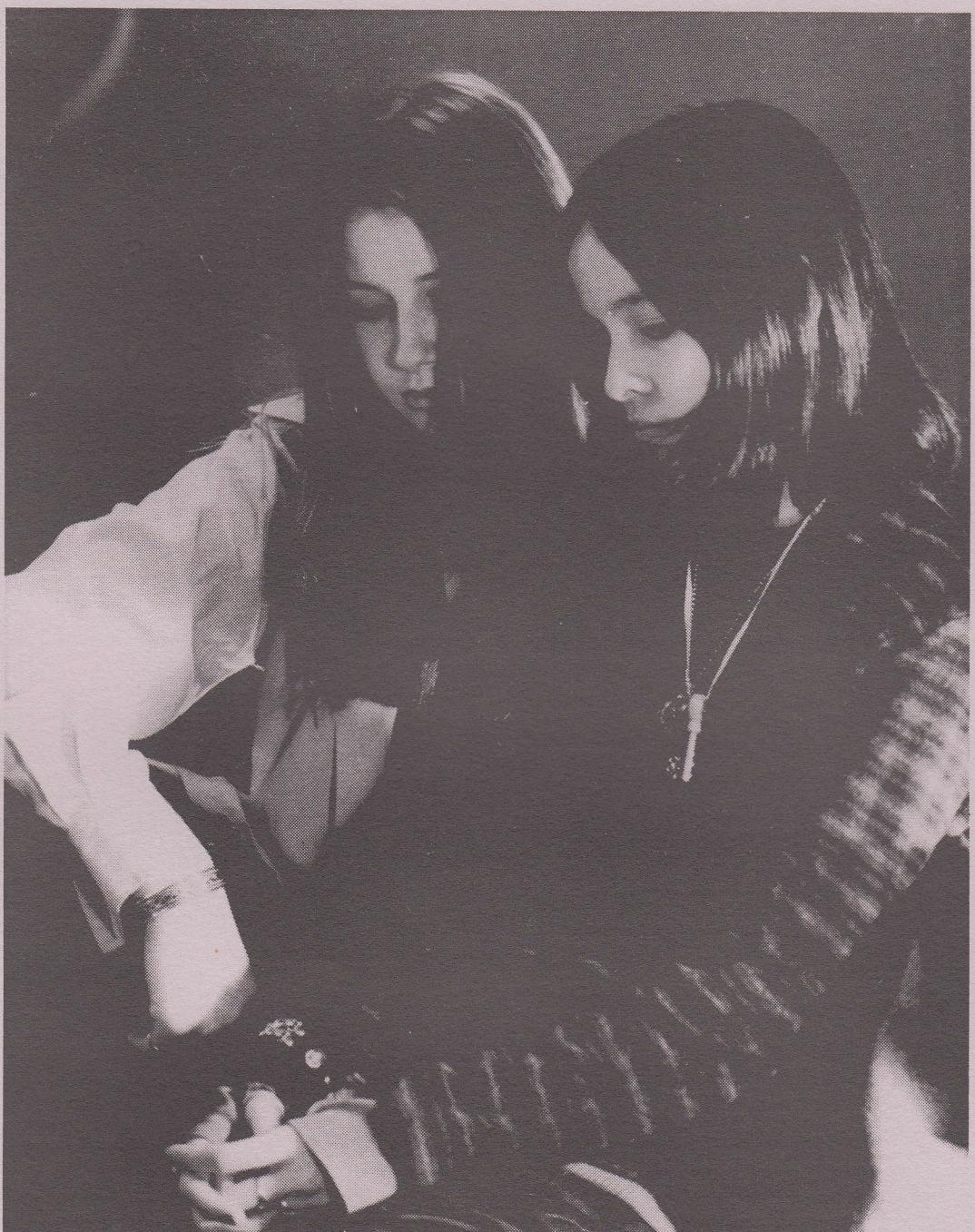
The car made a sharp turn, thrusting my body forward out of my little sister's as we started the journey up the swerving mountain. As the car climbed the treacherous slope, we saw the busy town of Bar Harbor at rest. All was quiet and peaceful when I got out of the car. As I leaned back in awe, with rocky landscape below me, bright stars flickered in the pitch black night above me; I stood there in amazement with the bone-chilling mountain breeze circling particles of dust around me.

"This is like a fantasy world; a world where everything is perfect." I took in a breath of crisp air as I looked at the picture-perfect view. But the tire against rock broke my dreamy trance and brought me back to reality.

"Next year, I'll see it all again next year." With that, the car sped away as fast as it had come; my perfect night was over.

Reprinted from
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DeAnna Shemo

BROKEN HEARTS

by Raychle Fishler

I can't believe I did this
I can't believe I broke your heart
I can't believe I said that
And now we're worlds apart

I said I wanted to be friends
I said I didn't want to hurt you
That I couldn't be your love
All of what I say is true

Planning on many dates
We said that we were soul mates
At the time I believed it
Now I'm not so sure

Then I broke it off
Couldn't bear to live a lie
Before, you'd always run to me
Each time you did I'd die
I found out how upset you were
They told me you were close to tears
You'd always say "I love her"
Maybe another chance will come, maybe over the years



I can't believe I did this
I can't believe I broke your heart
I can't believe I said that
And now we're worlds apart

And now I've found another
A very close friend of yours
Soon I'll think of you as my brother
I've just closed so many doors

Extremely guilty do I feel now
I've betrayed you in so many ways
I feel this cannot tell you how
I've one thing to say: falling in love never pays

Now has come the day
I'm working the group
I'm stupid you say
I'm going around you guys in a loop
I can't believe I did this
I can't believe I broke your heart
I can't believe I said that
And now we're worlds apart





Looking at my Childhood

by Jessie Male

The sounds of wind against my body
Aged with wisdom from different times
Nobody cares about an old woman
Who knows so much about life
Nobody cares about how the world was
And how it was seen by deep blue eyes
You must look beyond the wrinkles
To see the young girl I once was
The girl that used to sit on this rock
And think about what it was like to be loved
I have been loved and now I am lost
Lying against the sea, waiting to die
My life belongs to the land beyond the sun
Which I can see below and cry
And watch my tears become the rain
Splattering on a new girl's face
As she sits upon my rock
Looking through the raging sea
My heart opens and the sun shines
For that girl is me



Emily Brochin

Sure, Just A Second Please

by Kevin Feil Secunda

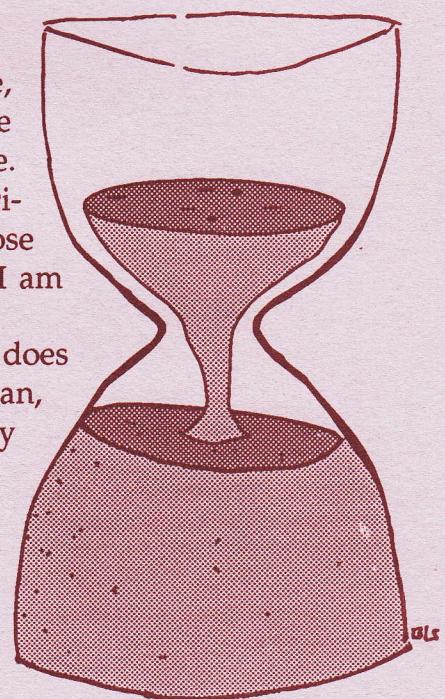
I've been thinking, and of only one thing can I think about hard enough. When I was over there I didn't know you. I spent time with you and you grew on me. I learned your character and it matched mine. I liked what I saw and I saw what I got, nothing hidden, nothing bad, just straightforward you. I understood you, I knew you, you made sense to me. So tell me then, why did you go?

Untitled

by Carla Sterling

A grain of sand falls through the contoured glass of life, and one more day is over. The morning brings a new hope that maybe the misshapen thoughts could be formed as one. An idea that made all of the crazy wishes that cloud the horizons of my mornings a reality to live by. And that once those worlds come together as a truth, they will expose all that I am supposed to be: the dreams of men as they fall asleep.

I can't be what the pages of life look like: a suit that does not fit me... and as I peel it away, my flesh is naked and unclean, not knowing how to look without the coverings that society binds me to. They keep me warm when it is cold and they shift my person when it is hot and the covers get kicked off. I am my dark impressions. Spilling from the rooftops of the cities that make me rise, I can be above that which holds me down. I can be what I cannot be now. And I can love you when I know how.





Sessile Slumber (Grandma's Sleep)

by Dan Dorfsman

Slumber-
like the sessile anemone's,
challenging the movement in a sea of blue-green.

Calm breath marked slowly
from the day's ills and little creatures.

Virus can debilitate
in our breeze climate.

Men-of-war are captivating,
but piercing.

In this dark adventure beneath stone surface.

Glimpse came from
the over bearing sun,
of light
in reach
but still the dark conceals.
Until the light from the sun
reaches your limbs
and you reach for it
And find it.

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Sure, Just A Second Please

by Kevin Feil Secunda

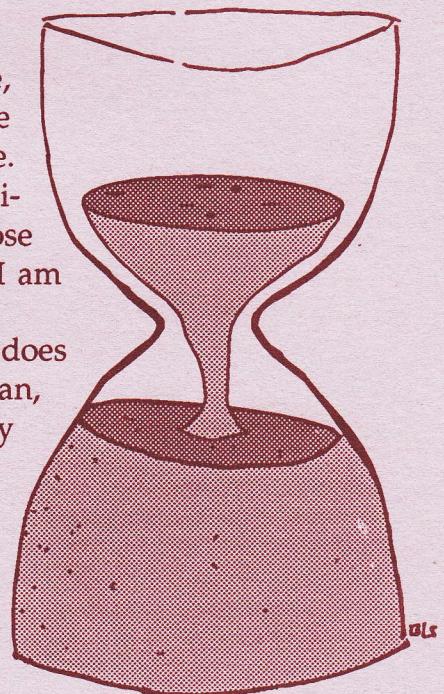
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Lauren Gottlieb



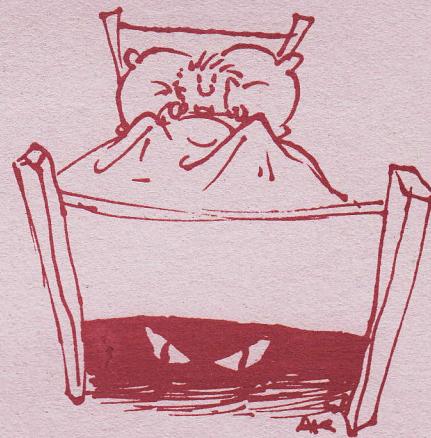
Monsters

by Katharine Bartow

When I was young, monsters lived under my bed:
Huge, scaly and full of fire.
At the loss of light they'd slowly creep,
First just a claw, or maybe two;
Then I'd whimper and shake with fear
And pull the covers over my head: Nestled in that nest of breath and cotton,
The fear would melt to sleep.

Now I am big, and under-the-bed has shrunk: I hardly ever have to check there anymore.
But sometimes when I stop the light
They stagger out: Bloated, distorted invisible wraiths.
And pulling the covers up no longer helps-
These monsters are hiding in me.

Reprinted from CIT Words, July 1997



MARCH, FAIR SOLDIER, MARCH

by Sarah Goff

I hear many different beats
I hear rush rush hurry up, you'll be late for school
I march run run speed up, Mom will be mad
I hear listen up stand up, be good Victorian style
I march itchy itchy hang around, wait til' the song is over
I hear study study work hard, Cretan work today
I march half-assed half-assed, pass on the seat of your pants
I hear louder louder sing with feeling, smile
I march glare glare be bad, talk with friends
When do I march to my own beat
When can I stop rebelling
When does school end

Untitled

by Katie Tabb

I look at you
bathed in candlelight
the shadows are playing with you
an endless game of hiding
they are taunting me now
first illuminating and then
plunging you
into darkness
until
I wonder at the unity of
the wick
and
the flame
and
you
of darkness and light
and I long to have that unity with
you
I long to be as simple as that flame
but then again
fire is but smoke and ashes...





the sky's erosion

annie rosenzweig

why do i love your monstrosities which make me quail?
they have become my foundation, this, and are settling
into a ball no bigger than my little clenched fist -
not Death, nor a Suicide Note, but a Black Hole
fisted so tight no light squeaks through -
i have always been scared of YOU, with your futile drunkenness
only the hottest of tears seep through.

Why do you fear those dreams you seek?

i had a horizon once too.

my protestations buzz (but only in my head), and
accentuate my perspective where the sun shines through.

Look at the sky.

Wide as a blind vacuum, its expanse is huge.

You cannot see all of it.

And when i raise my eyes to you, I'm reaching
not out of sightlessness, nor out of worship,
but to that far off horizon where the ocean meets the sky.



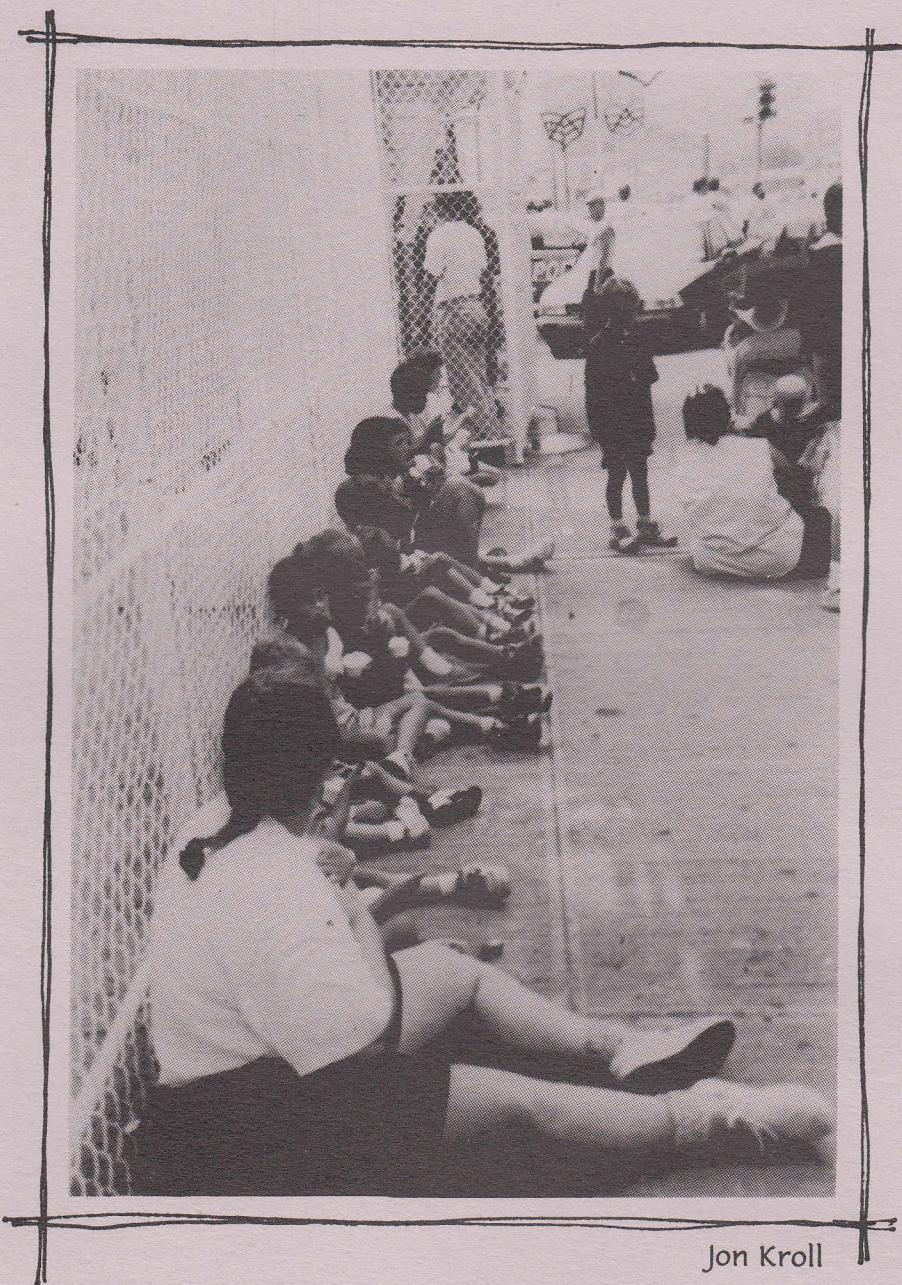
Emily Weinstein



Seethrough

by Raphi Gottesman

come here to spread your word
white power extremists will take over the world
but they already have
so what more do you want?
they came bloodthirsty, entrenched
in greed
their skin so pure
like their children linked to hate by the womb
learning to spray swastikas on synagogues and
torch black churches
and you're believing David Dukkke when he says you're oppressed
and you're supporting the beatings against a struggle for love
and your blindfolded eyes are sewn shut by the seed of apathy
and the real patriots never stop fighting against the hypocrisy
of this land.



Jon Kroll



Discord

by Sara Froikin

Peace.

It would be a song.
Nimble melody,
supportive harmony,
sturdy, stable bass
holding hands.

Smooth symphonies
caress the soul,
revive the heart,
resonate and relax
the mind.

Then a mistake,
a wrong note, all alone,
yet the balance,
the beauty
remains untouched.

A slight flaw, a minute snag
changes the fabric, the music,
leaves a small scar,
distracts the ear,
but disturbs not the whole.

The mistaken notes
gather, increase,
pulling at the melody,
making the ear cringe,
tearing the cloth.

A dissonance,
a break in the music forms.
Aimless banging on a piano.
Malicious pummeling on a drum.
An open wound in the overture.

War.



DISNEYFIED

by Sarah Goff

I despise Disney. No one else seems to. Other people wear its merchandise. Sometimes I crack or give up or just feel like wearing Disney merchandise and do. Sometimes when I'm sick, I watch Disney movies. Every Disney hater loosens up every once in a blue moon.

The earlier ones aren't bad; they didn't change the stories as much then. Probably because they were copying classics and people had heard the stories before and would get mad if they noticed differences. Now they are free to Disneyfy books because no one ever heard of stories like Aladdin before Disney got a hold on them.

Would it bother people that this company steals ideas, slightly alters them, shoves them in a theater, and makes millions, if people didn't have such fond memories of the movies? I think that it's sick that people would rather watch someone's else's image of a story than read the story themselves and come up with their individual image. Why aren't parents reading their little boys and girls bedtime stories of Pinnochio and Cinderella, rather than buying a Disney movie, shoving it in a VCR, plopping the kids down in front of the TV, and leaving the room? Is the first more time-consuming? Yes. But it's much more rewarding. Is it because people don't want to think for themselves that they don't read fairy tales?

Do people enjoy Disneyfied versions of stories, with upbeat tunes and happy endings? Possibly. The Hunchback of Notre Dame was a horror story and so were the first two versions of it. Then it was Disneyfied, and the characters were perfectly beautiful cartoons, and the gargoyles sang and danced. The Disney version was much more popular. But maybe that can be attributed to extensive advertising. The hunchback was on McDonalds' cups, the heroine was a doll, and commercial time for them was increased when other companies made commercials for them. Yuck! Fortunately, as anybody can see, they are running out of stories to steal. I predict they will either go out of business, slowly write their bad stories, or look for stories in more creative places. Any way they go, they lose money, and I and all the other Disney haters win.

Sleepingbag

by Jon Feinstein

Son of one hundred maniacs, womb secreted, acne pustules. Spawning psychotic radioactive oblivion, born to a nation, universe, atmosphere of deception, hypocrisy, and (of course) McDonald's. Escaping McChicken, whopper deluxe. Armaments, oven roasted, microwaved desertification. Fleeing the nightmarish insanity through desert, jungle remains and buckets. Hands upon knees, crawling through society's sugar coated slime. Through unwanted, unneeded un-consumed, re-consumed sewage. Society humane?, socially insane. Escaping barbaric mankind, crawling backWARDS. Restitch, reattach, disconnect from unbearable flaws. Breathing previously nasal, eyes shut, cleansing sealed orifices, crawling once again towards the womb. Free at first, resting peacefully once again. Amniotic fluids soothe.





Chameleon

by Annie Rosenzweig

I have not embarked in order to meet you midway - nor
am I willing to exchange compromises
which will only starve me to death.

I get no ravenous appeasement in
hearing your waffly laugh - for to me, your chuckles rattle
like a hollow vacuum in which no
wind can ever howl,
no thunder clap.

And then your eyes roll like a bag of empty marbles.

And I must be your wind, I must howl, you parasite,
and your slippery eyes will complement
my numerous vacancies, where a
window shade snapped open like a chameleon's
empty eye socket.

You look out my view - streaky glass -
and wonder why I have no landscape.

You look far out enough
to see a tiny black dot
blocking your vision.

And you will close your eyes and never realize
that the far off speck is not in the landscape
but in your eye,

and that you need new vision to repair the tumor.

And slowly, stealthily, sneakily, the tumor will camouflage.

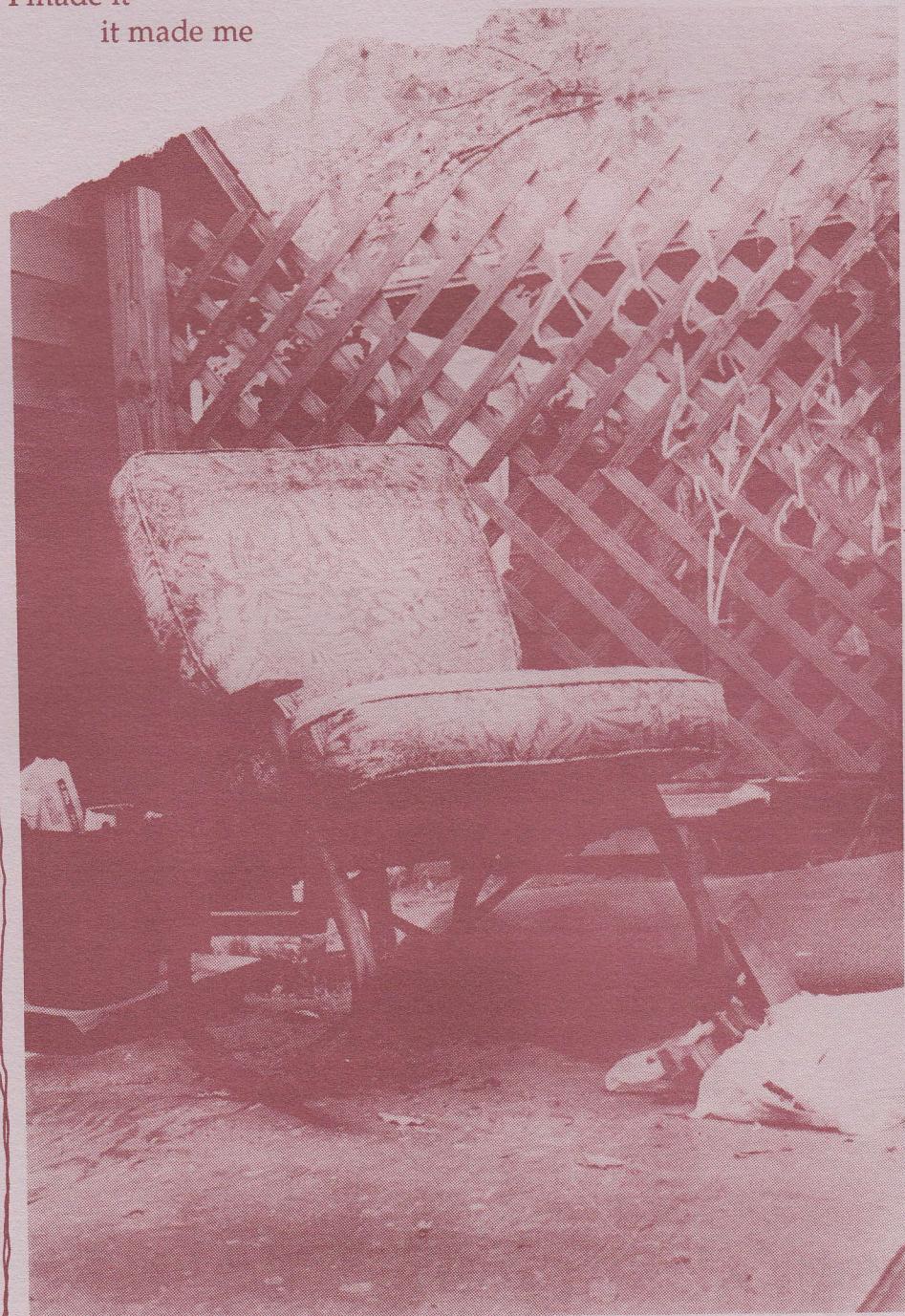
I change colors once again.

You still pity me for my parasitism, while
I embrace my second sight

My Place

by Louie Pearlman

This place is mine
It's where I feel most like me
Magic, on a foggy day
Always appreciated, me, the fog
I love this place, forever
It will always be with me
I made it
it made me



Jon Feinstein





The Deaf and the Mute

by Emily Brochin

Dear Anna,
Through the knit of the blanket,
I see slivers of blue black
Dusk. David lies next to me,
Condensation rising off his sleeping torso
Like smoke.
It is the first time it has snowed in Arizona
In a decade and our apartment has no heat.
Cold rarely touches us
And when it does, we lap it up
Hungriily.

David massages the small of my back
With two rough thumbs while I make coffee so hot
It scalds our tongues.
He moves his fingers, showing
Me the sign for "pain."
I am thinking about these deaf hands
As I ease the Volvo through rush hour.
Automobiles spin past,
Raising clouds of frozen dust and ice.
On the Interstate,
Backed up for miles in one long car moan,
I am reminded of you, when
We sat in my old station wagon
Eating goldfish crackers, braiding each other's hair.

You and I were born of the
Dripping July heat wave.
When asphalt steamed
And breath was heavy,
Two girls emerged,
Three days apart,
On the same gasp.
We locked eyes between bassinets,
While our parents' faces pushed against the glass
For a better look.

Our Fifth birthday:
Through the water I could see
Your back slicing the green Sound,
Sea-spray dusting
A fine salted filigree. I pressed a whelk
Into your palm and it broke like breath
Out of water. You were the swimmer and I was the
Shell collector, the fraidy-cat standing in shallows
Catching minnows between my toes, a fear of jellyfish
And sharks drawing me to shore.
I remember the postcard you sent me two years ago,
In Costa Rica by your house, two almond sons by your side,
Bobbing in the lapis foam.

David and I met that freezing April,
When you left for Mexico.
After he made love to me, the first time,
I felt the places on my cheeks his beard had
Scratched. I dreamt of your face
That night, smooth and
Round like a river rock.

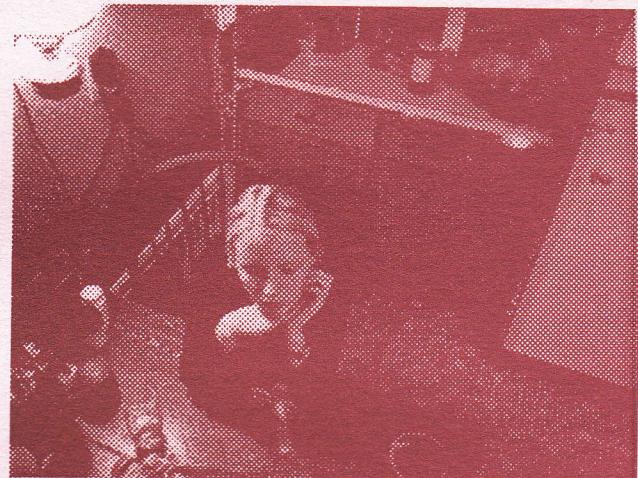
One summer night you and I bought
Raspberries, figs, and wine.
I lay in the sand not speaking.
The swollen sun sunk low and I
Watched your back move along
The horizon gathering starfish and hermit crabs.

We stood on the beach, shifting
Weight, heard the surf crash.
I brushed your lips
Made like it was an accident,
But it was too late. I turned my back,
The taste of you on my lips,
Clinging, lemony and dark
I promised myself I'd tell you everything,
And I did, except for this.

The weather here in Arizona is stifling and fierce.
Each morning I wake, sticky with sand,
Next to a deaf man who loves my body,
To wrap about it,
Weaving patterns in the night.

I used to look at him under the
Blistering sun, his skin creased as leather.
I thought I could hear water in his silence.
It was soft and brushed like cool feathers in the blinding
Phoenix heat. His quiet shaded me, and in its safety
I stopped speaking altogether.

When I married David,
You thought I'd died. Lately, I sleep
With one hand outstretched. During the night
It speaks, signing and signing
As David has taught me. It confesses
everything I can't say.



Emily Brochin





Batsheva Eadan



Erika Graefe

DUBBIE DU JOUR

Prix Fixe (Set price of \$19.95 includes an appetizer or soup, entree and dessert.)
* Denotes price addition)

Les Entrées (Appetizers)

Kirsten's Chickpea / Lentil / Dirt Pie -

Kirsten Sims, the all-natural chef who almost succeeded in getting us all to eat dirt plain, is back. By adding some other stuff, she has triumphed. This dish will give you so much energy that you will dance around laughing hysterically with clay on your face.

Heldi's Clown of the Day - Ask your server about today's fresh Clown. Today's Clown is full of zest, with Cajun spices in the mix.

Les Potages (Soups)

JENA'S lowercase

ALPHABET SOUP - Very cheesy, 'cliche' seems to be the most commonly spelled word. However, the occasional ingenious thought may be found in one's spoon.

Emily Meg's J. Crew Jew Matzoball Soup -

Sometimes, you might find your matzoballs singing to you from the darkroom. After finishing, you might feel dazed and you may observe yourself mumbling words of wisdom.

Shelley's Turtle Shell Soup -

Slow with humor, this hardy blend of meat and spices will settle in your stomach rather slowly. You'll taste it ten minutes after. Comes with crackers for a salty snap back.

Les Boissons (Drinks)

Gabby's Caffeine Fiend Coffee

***** - New in from the trendy coffeehouses of Melbourne, Australia. If a quick caffeine fix is what you want, this is the drink for you. The perfect stylish accessory, a mug of this is what every chic consummate needs. It'll keep you up all night.

Katlie's Tea - Floating in this drink are tea leaves you can use to tell fortunes after the tea has been drunk. Mystical secret herbs (we don't even know) that leave you an urge for intellectual conversation, a perfect accompaniment to your meal.

Les repas Principals (Entrees)

Brett's Sweet and Sour Soy Beef - This interesting dish is not actually beef, but that isn't one of Brett's main concerns. He's really confused because he still wants to be a fajita. Vacillates between sweet and sour leaving the diner dumbfounded. One forkful is sweet (yet commanding), and the next, the flavor takes over the entire meal. Not for the weak.

Alice's Texas Sirloin - If a hot, juicy Texan steak is what you want, try our fresh from the charcoal grill 12 ounce steak. Served with a tiny smattering of pepper and spices, and a side of healthy green salad, this American classic is a favorite with writers. This certified sirloin is guaranteed to be aged to perfection.

Ian's Indian-Italian Curry-Marinara Blend - If you had trouble finding the restaurant, order this Marinara blend to soothe the palate. What you lack in directional skills, you'll make up for in ordering expertise. Those who know, know that a mix of Indian and Italian is the height of gourmet dining. Served with a free Britpop C.D.

Mike D.'s Cornish Game Hen ***** - For those tired of shooting on the range, a hearty interlude is required. Try one of our special game hens, a continental specialty with the zing and pizzazz you want.

Nick's Bacon Cheeseburger - Full of beefy cheese you can't get enough of. This all American staple is a veritable cholesterol feast and is always satisfying.

Lil's Tomagotchi Stew - After neglecting her boyfriend to take care of her two virtual pets, chef Lil Houseman was aghast when one of her precious children fell into a bubbling pot by mistake. However, she soon became enthralled by the sadistic side of Tomagotchi Stew.

Kira's Chilli - Peppery and spicy, yet wholesome, and oozing with creative juices.

Jeff's Chicken Fricassee - Try Jeff's home grown chicken dish. Made with organic chicken fresh from the farms of New York. A small dish with a lot of flavor, this is for anyone who doesn't want stuff stuck in their braces.

Les Specialties de Maisons (House Specialties)

Amester-ronna-roni Casserole – The ingredients in this dish are somewhat ambiguous. An enticing assortment of flavors (flavours) are all mixed in, so you never know quite what you are going to get; every forkful is different. Eggplant (aubergine), Zuchinni (courgette), chips (crisps), french fries (chips), ketchup (tomato sauce), jello (jelly), jelly (jam), shrimp (prawns), squash (marrow) and candy (sweets). We may have burned the bridges 200 years ago but punchy dishes like this one, with one foot on either side of the Atlantic, will make you rethink your taste.

Marc's Tsimmus – This very sweet dish isn't just for special occasions. Under the natural high lurks an insistence of a spice other than sweet, that ain't so very nice. We still haven't uncovered that just yet, but dig deep into this dish, and you never know what you might discover.

Dan's Rainbow Trout – A multi - faceted, multi colored and diverse dish fresh from the waters of Connecticut. Served with six bright potato rings. Every order comes with a free Ani DiFranco fan club membership.

Alex's Pizza Evita* – Served with a unique blend of goat cheese and whipped cream. Each order is accompanied by a singing waiter, specially appointed by Andrew Lloyd Weber himself. If you loved Evita, you'll love the tropical music we'll play at your table, fresh from Argentina and The Tropicana. You will surely not regret ordering this dish. It will leave an indelible mark on the...

Macaroni and Blythee® Cheese – A little cheese goes a long way. Warning - the cheese contains high quantities of milk (but remember, chocolate has milk in it too) and you may find yourself smiling uncontrollably, and prone to sudden outbursts of laughter after just a few bites.

Bryan's Catch of the Day – Fresh fish brimming over with flavor and zangy taste. Our very own friendly fisherman, Bryan, took his little fishing boat into the waters off the coast of Manhattan, smiling all the way, and came up with this. Ask your server for today's catch.

Katharine's Amazon Devil* – This has to be seen to be believed. A spicy, yet subtly sweet mix of vine leaves and rice, with sides of crackers and yogurt dip. Especially good for women, as our secret ingredient in the sauce has been found to help mastectomy patients with their feel - good factor. Try it if you want a real treat.

Sam's Souffle – An interesting mix of warm hot cheese over a pastry base, concocted some time ago and now remembered as a classic here. Not one to be forced, only eat this if you really, really are sure you want to do it (but we'd appreciate it - please).

Richard's Secret Recipe* – We're not really sure what is in this one, we'll tell you on Tuesday. Upon ingesting, you may begin to feel those creative juices pump, this is a popular dish with artists, writers and thespians.

Les Desserts (Desserts)

Kevin's Baked Alaska* – A brand new dish here, Kevin's Baked Alaska has worked it's way into the heart of the menu and life has been golden ever since. Suddenly, the flames will rise and all will be bright at your table. A truly illuminating and romantic experience. Sweet on the outside, with a hidden flavor on the inside. With true perserverence and dedication, you'll be sure to reach the creme de la creme.

Joelle's Yudin Puddin' – If you're into temptation, try this for an irresistible concoction. A dark and creamy chocolate bomb, this pop is not old, dude. Bursting with fruity juices, this is the perfect post - exercise treat, and comes in a multitude of varieties, one for every day of the week. You'll never be bored with a Joelle Yudin Puddin'.

Anna's Rhubarb Pie – Using only rhubarbs shaped like alien heads grown in the rhubarb fields of Texas, this pie kicks a mean punch and has a hard bite. A perfect relief for eyes burned out by staring at computer screens.

Bob's Apple Pie – An American favorite and satisfying end to any meal, made with all the traditional ingredients, straight from Staten Island. Traditional and filling, this will satisfy anyone who orders it.

Jared's Haitian Mango – A cool and fruity tropical Wu Tang brings spiritual awakening after eating. You will feel all relaxed and serene, and begin to say yeaah a lot.

Jon's Doughnut* – An all - together 'lovely' dish. Simple, yet so tasty. Jon's doughnut is done English style, with fresh jam (jelly) in the center and a warm, crisp breaded coating with just a smattering of sugar. An excellent choice for those with a sweet tooth. Special offer - free afternoon tea served with every purchase between 12 and 5 p.m. All purchases later get free evening tea, oh, and all purchases in the morning, why, you get morning tea.

Meredith's Pineapple Upside-Down Banana Cake – One bite of this local delicacy and you'll be in seventh heaven. This rich concoction of juicy pineapple and scrumptious banana in a soft dough base might make you crazy, or it might just taste very, very good.

Mike H.'s Pecan Pie – A southern nutty treat, popular in Spain; don't forget to bring some home for the pets. The generous mix of delicious pecans and a sumptuous chocolate topping make this dish a constant favorite.

THE SUMMER OF 'NICE STUFF'

It was a 'nice' summer at Pub Shop. Lots of 'stuff' happened. The birth of the 1997 Pub Family happened. We squeezed into the confines of the noisy shop and lounged in the spacious Pub garden. We started the summer off with our slogan of 'come to Pub, where everybody knows your name (tag).' From these cheesy beginnings, things have become even more beautiful.

Enter Pub on any day and this is what you shall find: 'Come on people, this has to be done now!' O.K, Brett, we're on it, we bow to you, oh young one, so in charge (Brett in charge, of our days and our nights). Brett is on his way to being CEO of the world, and the keys are nearly in his hands. Anna and Shelley are at the layout computer doing their fancy stuff. 'Is it done yet? Standby... Standing by...' Shelley, forever happy and helpful. The layout Queen. Anna joined us late, but brought the software we couldn't do without. 'ANNNNA! (Yes, Jeff?) Anna, how do I...? You need a bit of sarcasm for the soul...' Her present to Pub - alien heads in our garden.

Kirsten emerges from ceramics with clay on her face, giving a whole other meaning to the words 'clay mask', she'll be found making someone laugh (again). Story time with Kirsten in the afternoons, (look at the trucks, boys and girls), workshops in the sun (or just sun), the drawing game with Jon and KIrsten, even at night these two would be frantically drawing, and laughing, we must never forget laughing. Jonny Leigh is, well, camping God. Power to walking, Jon. That boy has so many fans. But with an accent that so many of us love to mimic, who's surprised? Keep doing those P.M.T's, Jonny Leigh. The world needs great teachers (especially at camp!)

Joelle, so maybe she's not Charles but anyway, she's been a key link in the Pub chain. Who else would have everyone believing she was a counselor and not a J.C? And having just got back from running (!), she will be eating that Chupa Chup and begging for moral support while Amy and Alex (whipping boy) exchange Yiddish phrases and rediscover the remarkable differences between English and American words. ("It's not spelled like that!") And since when has a computer been right? Oy Gevult. Now who's whining? Alex is still recovering from being whipped by Joelle, but we know that he secretly enjoys it. 'Amesteronnarooni, do you wanna see my birdhouse? Oh, Mylanta.' Has anyone seen my...? Losing things in Pub is a daily occurrence for everyone, but Amy set the trend. Mid - Atlantic rules, even if the cross-breed accent is weird. You're from Florida? Jewish? Amy and Joelle, upon hearing Ian's English music, began to dance and no one could stop them. British bands really do rule the world and the music in Pub this year proved it.

Katharine, the Amazon woman who refused to chop off her left breast: "the pretty one who really can write." Katharine can often be found with Blythe (Blytheee), laughing in the corner at one of Blythe's hyper anecdotes ('my friend, last year...'), Marc is wandering around (is there anything I can do to help anyone?) "I've got to write my college essay tomorrow...and I'm NOT sweet! Wait, are you sure you're o.k?" (yes, Marc). And that laugh. Marc left an indelible mark on the...

Alice spent so much of the summer buried under the Buck's Rock archives, and bearing keys, she was the responsible one in this set up. Someone had to know proper grammar. Gabby (Number One), always looking good, was in the darkroom, last time we looked. Forever up late with the classical music and working on the ambitious project of photographing every single person on camp - individually. Rock on...

Michael, always the consummate professional. The Pub Shop is not The Pub Shop when he's not there making sure things are being done the way they should be. 'Do you think I'll sell a million?' May cats and dogs reign over the world. Remember us when... The three musketeers. Bob, (Ya Bob), whose ever wonderful patience, tolerance, helpfulness and general coolness keeps Pub going. Respect to the dad in this family. Ian and Jared ran those presses with effervescence and skill and some fine music too. However, every Saturday at 2:30 the presses stopped and the entire gang could be found crowded around the radio for Buck Rocks' Trivia. Ian was always right. Jared, spiritual Wu Master, brought Wu Tang to Buck's Rock and sent the mailman to hospital with a bad back. Meditation and that higher plane: it's unique talking to someone so chilled... Ian (Cousin Haylock) well, he made us all smile with his oh so accurate and quick (last car to arrive) directions to the Indian/Italian (!) Taj Majal and sent the crowds cheering in the New Milford 8. Ian made us all laugh, a lot.

Emily Meg (J Crew), you, an unplanned addition to the family, rocked us all with your late arrival and added a whole other dimension to it all. Ah, to be so satisfied by P.M.Ting, even if those chemicals in the darkroom do make you feel weird (Brett knows all about that...) The extra pair of hands have been a godsend, and the mastering of the art of sleeping in shades is clever, oh so clever, darling. That journal is amazing, keep up the dedication. And who could forget the singing in the darkroom? Michael DeMarco's gift with the words is a natural talent. Diversity Dan, the man, thanks for the songs in the sunshine and for bringing us Diversity Day and Walt Whitman. Go, DAN!

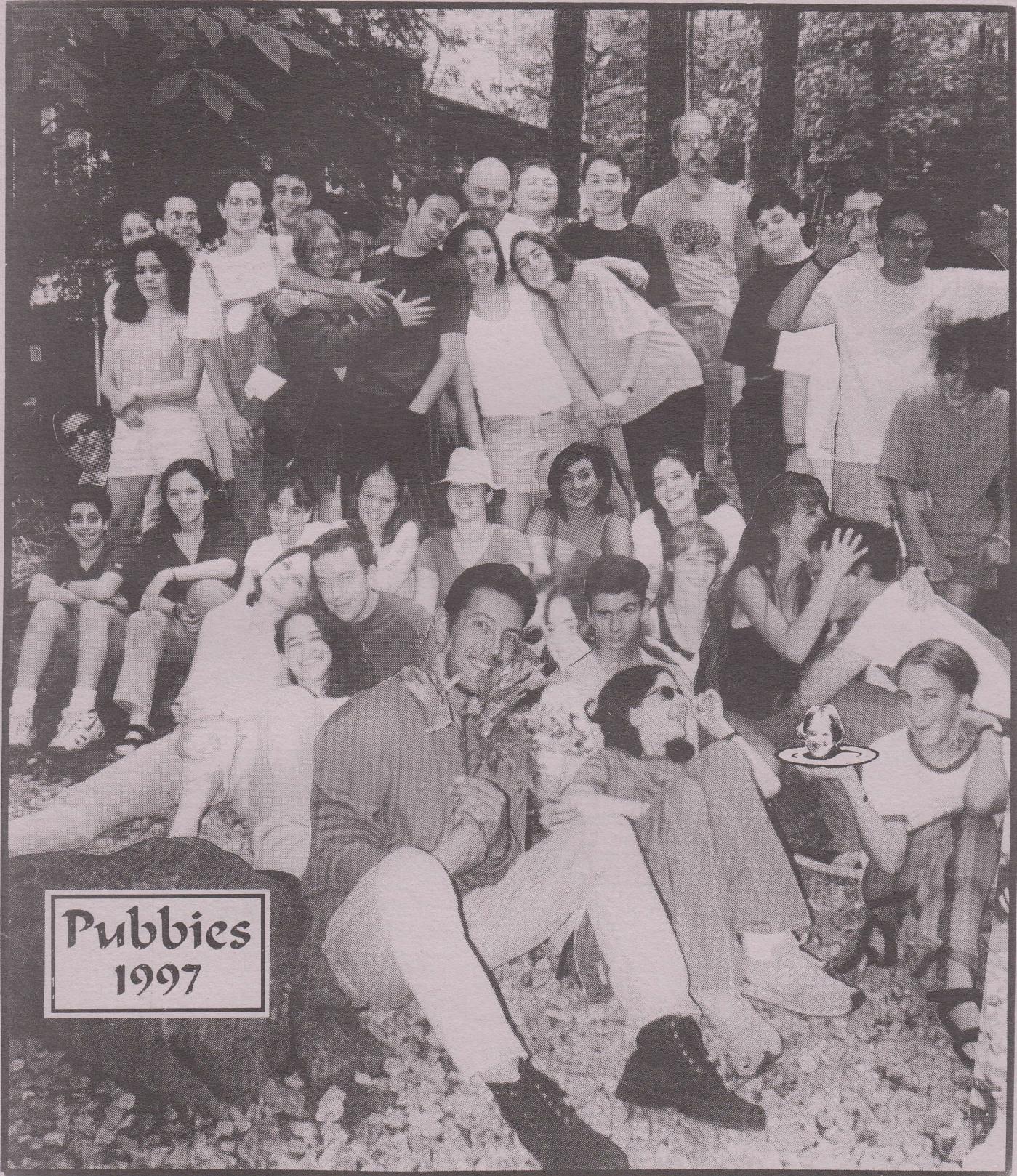
What would Pub be without the wonderful campers? Jeffrey Shuster, king of shrink wrapping and Kai's Power Goo, kept us all in paper homes and gifts. Kevin Feil Secunda, get this: you'll be on NBC News before you know it, and we'll remember you when. The immense dedication to broadcasting is impressive. Nick Himmel, we don't know what we'd do without you, production just wouldn't be the same. (Somebody needs to be on top of things.) Jena Barchas Lichtenstein, capitals are so in, don't you think? We respect your copy editing abilities, and the hair, oh, the hair! David Glasser ran the New Milford 8 this summer: we never knew he had so many talents. Late entry, Kira took the yearbook by storm and won the cover competition the first day she arrived: immortalized forever in print. Meredith (Gap girl), aside from falling on the floor in fits of hysterical laughter, took on the challenge of the layout of the yearbook.

Although many Pubbies thought Bryan Van Brunt was playing games all day, little did they know that he was actually creating them in Macromedia Director. Along with video producing, screen writing, and multimedia, Bryan's talents are only outshined by his sweet disposition. One of our open shop night pubbies is Elisabeth, on a mission to save the world. The amount of poetry she writes is impressive, even to us established writers. (Good night, Elisabeth.) When no one wanted to write an article, who saved the day but Sam Cecil, hesitant but nevertheless coming up with amazing articles (with a little help from Joelle and Amy), Sam became a true pubbie. The insights from Sam and Joelle's interview with Ernst will stay with those who read it for a long time.

All in Pub thank Ernst, the first and truest pubbie, for his constant interest and support.

We thank Ernst for Pub, and for the inspiration his words bring...

All the people, so many people. Pub life.



Pubbies
1997

-OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES-



“ Go without knowing where
Give without knowing what
The way is long
The road unknown.”

Russian Fairy Tale.

Welcome to the Vegetable Farm

by Sarah Goff

You are greeted by an old boot planted full of *impatiens*, sitting in the birdbath. You come to a place where it is very quiet. You notice little plots in the garden that are available for adoption. Some are nicely weeded, some need a little TLC. There are rows and rows of vegetables: squash, tomatoes, peas, and carrots. Some are ready for harvest, while some are still busy growing. Later in the season you can come here if you want a healthful snack. Fresh beans or peas, tomatoes or even squash never tasted better! Since it's an organic farm, no pesticides are used and the food tastes better. At dinner, you may even eat the vegetables that you picked earlier in the day.

You don't need to know lots about gardening to enjoy the vegetable garden.

Joan is here and will gladly help you identify the plants and take care of them. There is lots of work to be done here and everything is healthily growing, including the weeds. Sufficient rains and sunny days keep the garden thriving.

If veggies aren't your thing, there are other reasons for coming to the garden. You can come here to get away from the noisy bunks. There are lots of opportunities to take pictures here. In addition to the vegetables, the garden also has flowers of many different varieties.

Beyond the garden is a nice open field with wildflowers blossoming, and tall grasses and trees waving gently. It's a nice combination of untouched nature and man-assisted gardening.

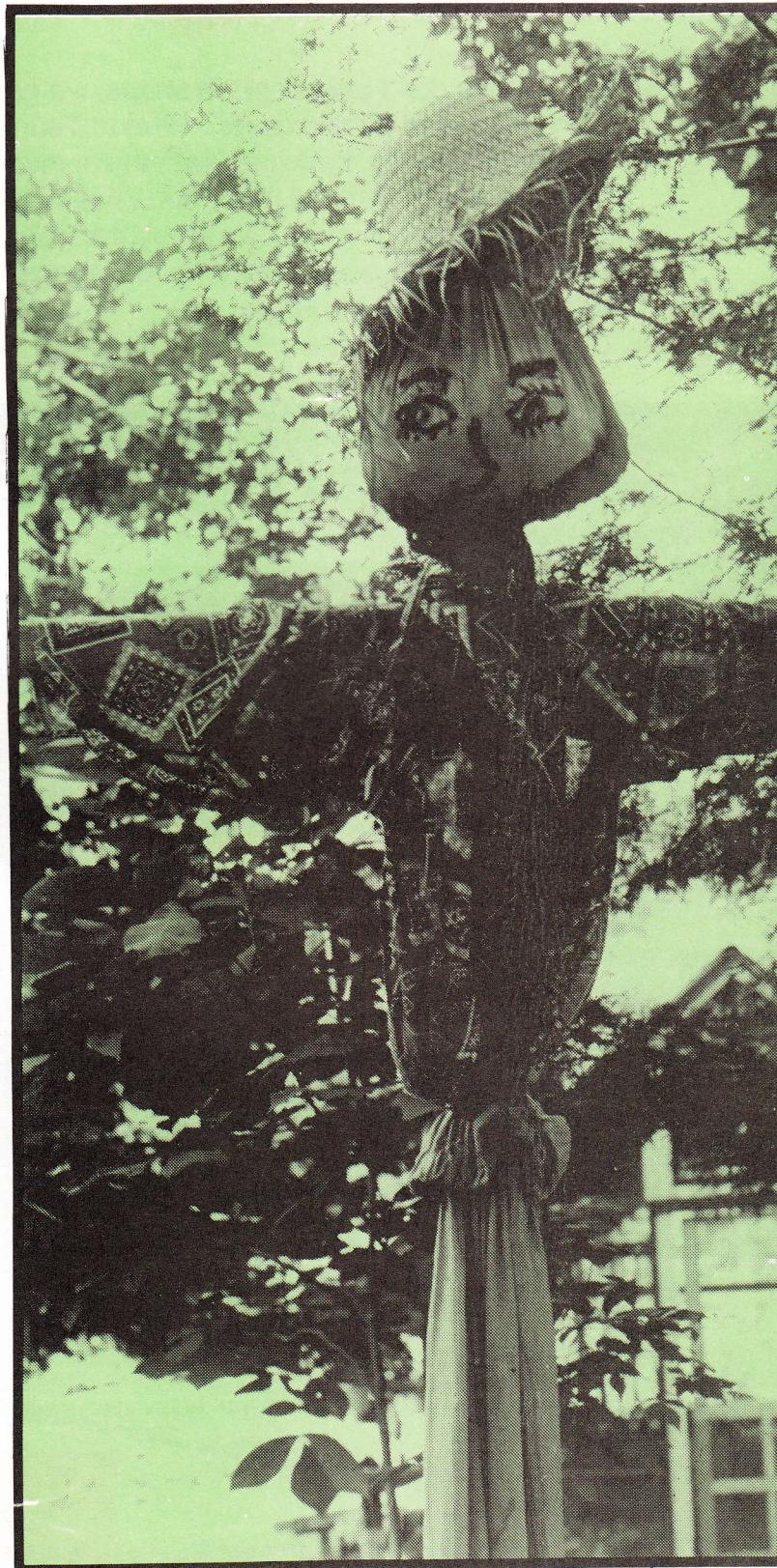
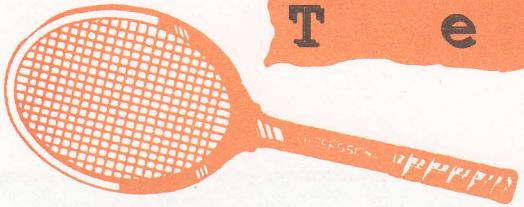
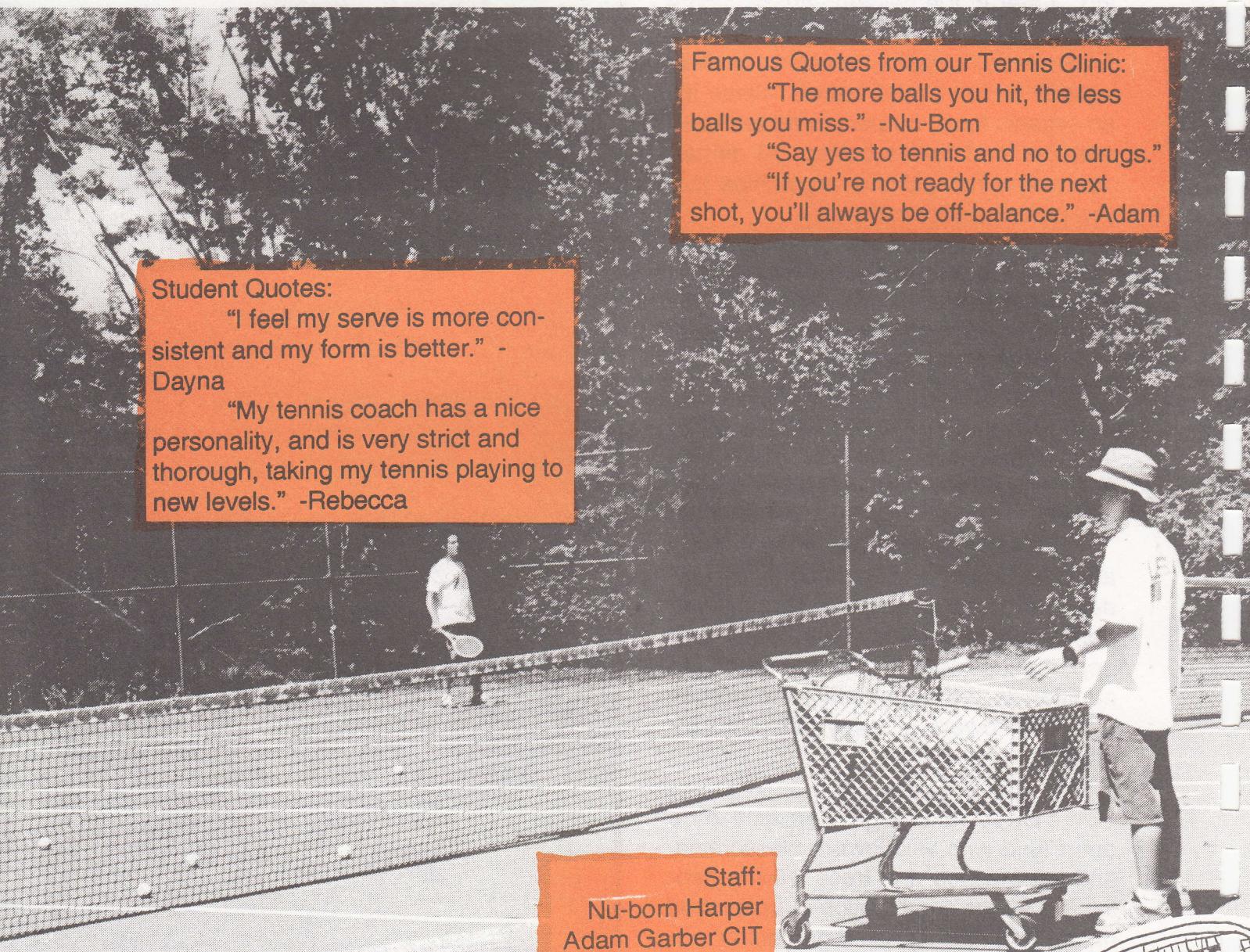


Photo by Lauren Gottlieb

T e n n i s



"We don't play to get in shape, we get in shape to play." Here at Buck's Rock Tennis, we live by this quote. Here at Tennis, we work on everything: ground strokes, volleying, serving, footwork, and much, much more. One of our newest features is video lessons. For this, the video shop helps us by filming some of the lessons we give. Later, the student can watch the video and see what he or she did wrong. This has worked well because we have managed to combine two shops to create something totally new at Buck's Rock.



Student Quotes:

"I feel my serve is more consistent and my form is better." - Dayna

"My tennis coach has a nice personality, and is very strict and thorough, taking my tennis playing to new levels." - Rebecca

Famous Quotes from our Tennis Clinic:

"The more balls you hit, the less balls you miss." -Nu-Born

"Say yes to tennis and no to drugs."

"If you're not ready for the next shot, you'll always be off-balance." -Adam

Staff:
Nu-born Harper
Adam Garber CIT

Archery... A Young Girl's Tale

by Mandi Nowitz

One hot, sunny day at Buck's Rock Camp, a young girl named Kylie was going to the pool when, all of a sudden, she saw her crush, Jared. Unfortunately, he was busy paying attention to some weird bow and arrow game.

"Hmm.... I could go to the pool and swim alone, or I could go over to where Jared is and act interested...." Well, of course, she chose option number two.

"Hey Jared, what are you playing?"

"Archery," Jared said rudely.

"Oh, cool. Can I sign up?" Kylie asked, thinking that she could always cancel at the last minute.

"Sure," the nice counselor, Robert, said.

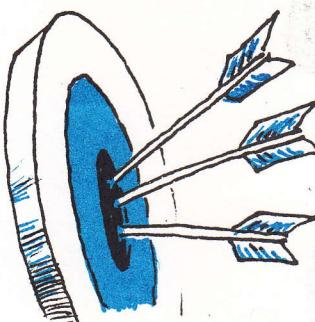


Photo by Nick Weist

Well, the next day when Kylie went to cancel, Robert, looking very excited, came up to her. "I can't wait till you try archery! You'll love it! I found a bow that I think you'll like." Well, at that point, Kylie felt so guilty she decided not to cancel. She went, thinking that it would be totally boring and difficult. However it was the total opposite, so fun and exciting. Yes, it took a lot of concentration, because the success of archery takes 90% concentration. But Kylie loved it. When she found out that Jared wasn't right for her, she took herself straight to archery and let out her anger. She went every day, not even caring when her fingers got sore. She loved the feeling of hitting the bullseye or even coming close. Instead of picking up a boyfriend she had picked up a hobby that would last forever.

Archery Staff:

Robert Kucirek

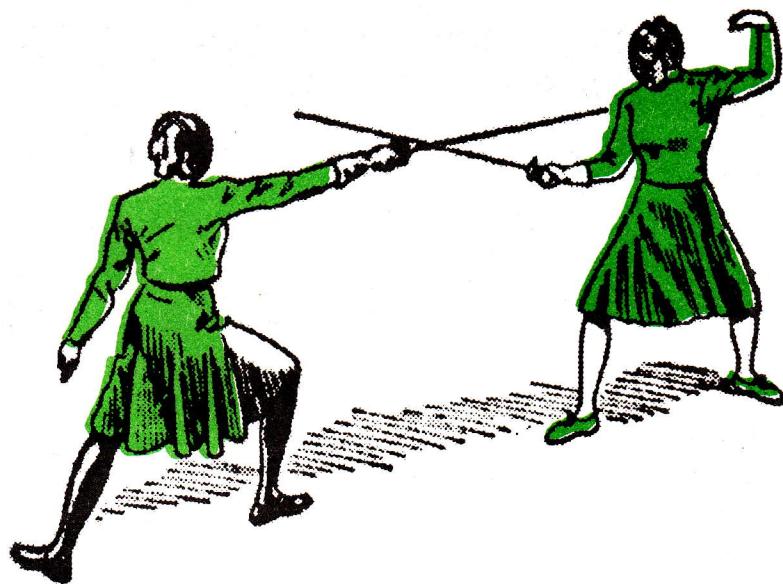


Fencing

Fencing (fen'sing), *n.* 1. the art of fighting with a sword or foil. 2. to make music with the sword. 3. great fun at Buck's Rock.

The ancient sport of fencing, which has been perfected through the centuries, is taught here at Buck's Rock. The shop is open to everyone regardless of ability. When I came to Fencing on the first day of camp, I didn't have the slightest idea of how to fence. Jason, the patient and positive fencing instructor, taught me. In a very short time, as if by magic, I could fence. Each time that I went to Fencing, I learned more and more. Fencing at Buck's Rock was a wonderful experience, and I found that I loved going to Fencing each and every day.

—Sarah Prusoff



Girl's fencing

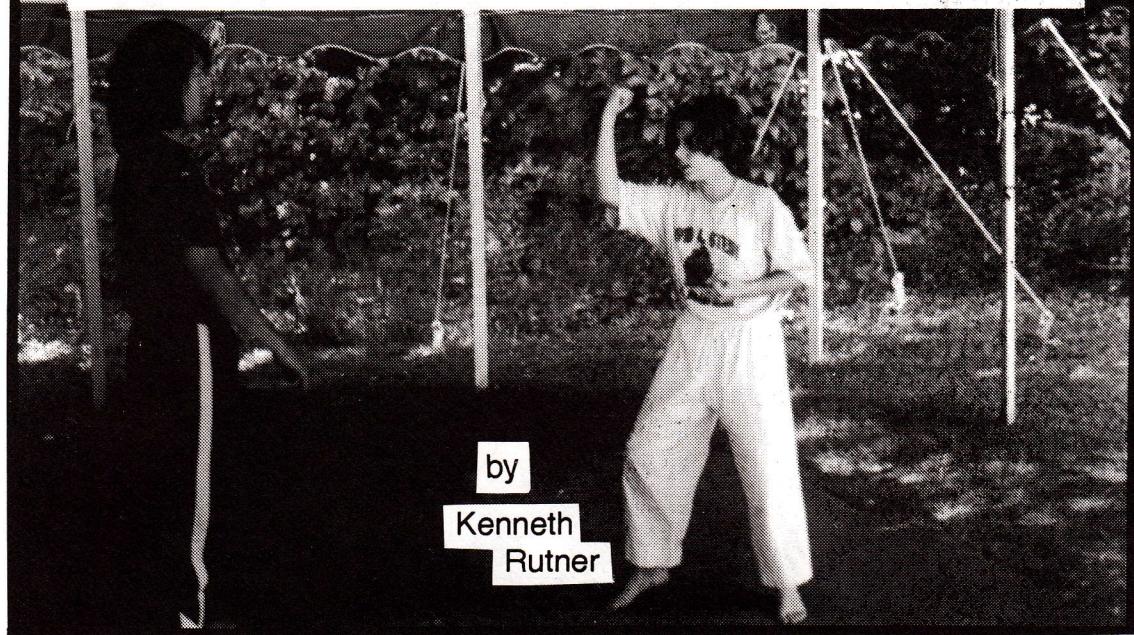
Fencing is, indeed, a transformative experience. Many campers like Sarah came to the big tent near the tennis courts to learn the sport. Some were already talented athletes, while others had two left feet. All the campers, however, left the tent as fencers. Each, in their own way, learned this noble art, and while they were transformed by the sword into athletes, the dead steel of their weapons was likewise metamorphosed into graceful song. I, too, was changed in the process. I came to Buck's Rock as Jason; I will

leave camp as a man saturated with wonderful memories and the spirit of those who make Buck's Rock 'a wonderful experience.'

—Jason Riffaterre, fencing instructor.



Karate And Tae Kwon Do



by

Kenneth
Rutner

Photo by Nick Weist

Karate and Tae Kwon Do are forms of fighting that make you more physically fit and teach you how to defend yourself. Alchemy is the study of changing ordinary metals into gold. Totally unrelated, right? Yes, in a pretty obvious way, that's right. However, I, who am known for my very large imagination, shall connect these subjects in a way that will probably make no sense except to those who are either criminally insane or from Buck's Rock. Then again, maybe a lot of people formed this type of connection, but I'm getting off the subject.

Karate and Tae Kwon Do give people a clue about how to fight or, more correctly put, defend themselves. The clue-recipient probably has a better chance at keeping their wallet/purse/hand that is holding money, if mugged. This might be an incentive to devote your whole life to Karate or Tae Kwon Do. Then, if you do devote your life to one or the other, you get to flaunt your tremendous skills in front of all your friends.

In relation to Alchemy: if you devote yourself to the study of these martial arts, you may actually achieve a process that will turn lead into gold. Then you could hire someone to walk the streets for you and you wouldn't get mugged, and if you wanted to, you could flaunt your gold.

This summer I learned how to flaunt my gold--especially in Tae Kwon Do. Aside from giving massages, I have learned several moves and have found them quite useful with the female population at Buck's Rock. I learned to be more effective in my striking and defensives. I learned more kata (a collection of blocks and strikes designed to give you a better picture of how to use your skills).

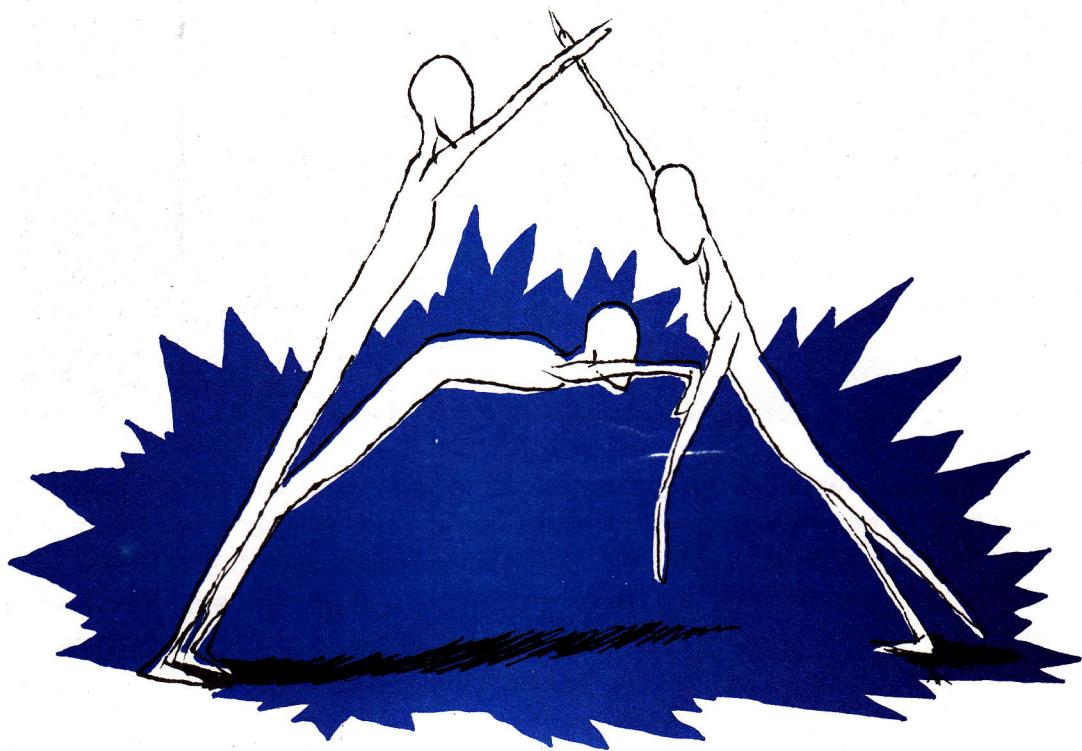
I would like to thank my friends but I only have room to thank the instructors. So, I'll just thank Sebastian and Andrew for sparring with me and hitting my head enough times that I sustained the improbable cranial injuries needed to write this paperthingy-whosywhatiswhop.

Staff:

Sebastian Mbogella
Andrew Hingley

Tae-Kwon-
Do

AEROBICS



Circuit Aerobics took place on Monday nights. One purpose was to motivate more men to participate. People enjoyed themselves when they got going and were surprised by the workout they received.

High Impact Aerobics got people thinking about their coordination. Sophie Crofts challenged the class with her own version of choreography. The novel movements used in the song "Walk Like an Egyptian" were also favorites at the local pub while boogying on Saturday nights.

Aqua Aerobics took off in the second week of camp, in answer to a demand for a class during pool hours.

All in all, aerobics provided us with a release from our sugar highs and a chance to boogy our bums in a constructive manner. We took revenge on the kitchen's adventurous arrangement of assorted cakes.

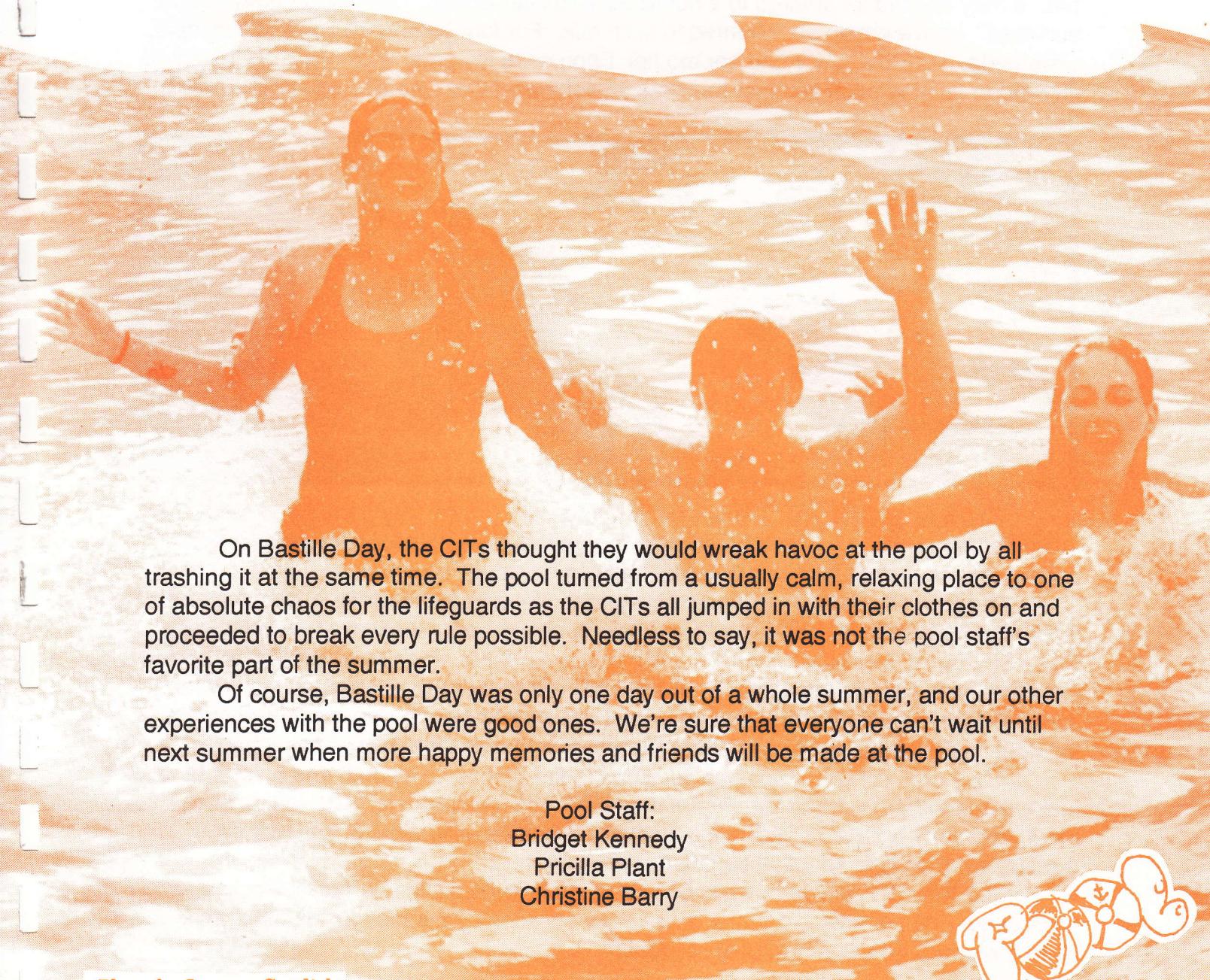
Instructors: Christine Barry
Sophie Crofts

Aerobics

The Pool

by Karyn Yellin, Amanda Freedman, Tarynne Goldenberg

"Ow,ow,ow!" is the sound of happy campers running across the stones to get to their destination . . . THE POOL. This place is where campers go to cool off on hot summer days. The pool area here at Buck's Rock is not only used for swimming, but also for tanning and socializing. The pool is also open for all sorts of activities, such as water aerobics, volleyball, swim instruction, and an occasional pool party. The pool is also the place where kids play Marco Polo, dive for objects, and dunk each other in every possible way.



On Bastille Day, the CITs thought they would wreak havoc at the pool by all trashing it at the same time. The pool turned from a usually calm, relaxing place to one of absolute chaos for the lifeguards as the CITs all jumped in with their clothes on and proceeded to break every rule possible. Needless to say, it was not the pool staff's favorite part of the summer.

Of course, Bastille Day was only one day out of a whole summer, and our other experiences with the pool were good ones. We're sure that everyone can't wait until next summer when more happy memories and friends will be made at the pool.

Pool Staff:
Bridget Kennedy
Pricilla Plant
Christine Barry



Animal Farm

by Alex Rich

Four summers ago, I wandered up the road and into the Animal Farm for the first time. Having never had a real pet to call my own, I attended the first adoption meeting and proceeded to adopt a kid goat. I named it Crabapple. Crabapple became the pride and joy of my first summer here at Buck's Rock, as would all of the other goats I would adopt in the summers to come.

Four years and five goats later, the Animal Farm is still a place I look forward to visiting as often as I am able. Throughout my years here at Buck's Rock, the one shop I have consistently returned to is the Animal Farm. Whether it is the pure joy in taking care of an animal or the people who work there, the Animal Farm is simply a place like nowhere else at Buck's Rock.

You can't make anything material at the Farm as you can in the other shops at camp, but you can make a lasting bond with a creature not usually looked upon as a pet. It may seem a bit strange to a non-Buck's Rocker to say, "I adopted a goat for the summer!" I have grown accustomed to such talk. For four summers, goats (Crabapple, Crabapple, Jr., Ethel, Lucy and her mother Tippi) were my pets. Perhaps, I even looked forward to coming each summer because arrival meant that I would once again have a pet.



Harriet Haylock
Ilze Buldere
Abigail O'Riordan

Lauren Gottlieb

This past school year, I finally got a pet to call my own: my parakeet, Ricky. Still, this summer, I did not hesitate to return to the Animal Farm to adopt yet another goat for the summer. It makes no difference that I have a great pet at home.

Returning to the farm this year was great. Not only had Harriet, a counselor from summer 1996 returned, but so had my goats Tippi and Lucy. Lucy, who last summer was just a baby, was now full-grown and her mother, Tippi, had grown a beard since the last time I saw her. A year later, Tippi and Lucy still seemed to remember me -- when I called their names they turned to listen and even walked over to me. I adopted my fifth kid goat this summer (for a change) along with two friends, and named him Charlie.

Abby and Ilze were fabulous additions to the Animal Farm staff and helped to make this another fantastic summer at the farm. The summer was filled with excitement: the early birth of Io, the calf; a spelunking trip; an excursion to the Goshen Agricultural Fair; and adoption certificate ceremonies.

The Animal Farm will always be one of my favorite places at Buck's Rock. I will have some great stories to tell one day; I mean, how many people can claim to have been the proud adoptive parent of six goats?

THE STABLES

by Lauren Gottlieb

The Stables have always been a favorite shop among young Buck's Rockers who love horses and riding. It has been a place where campers have known the majesty and experienced the beauty of one of the most graceful species ever to exist. It is a place where riding has been taught not as a manifestation of human supremacy, but as a cooperative effort between man and nature.

However, this summer the Stables captured an even more prominent place in the attention and heart of Buck's Rock when its barn was swept by a tragic fire early in the summer, the result of a lightning strike during a fierce thunderstorm. Thankfully, no people or animals were hurt, as the heroic efforts of counselors Marion and Olga brought all of the horses out of the burning stables safely. This was not the first time that the barn had been claimed by fire in the history of Buck's Rock, but the concerns and wishes for a good outcome were extended by many just the same.

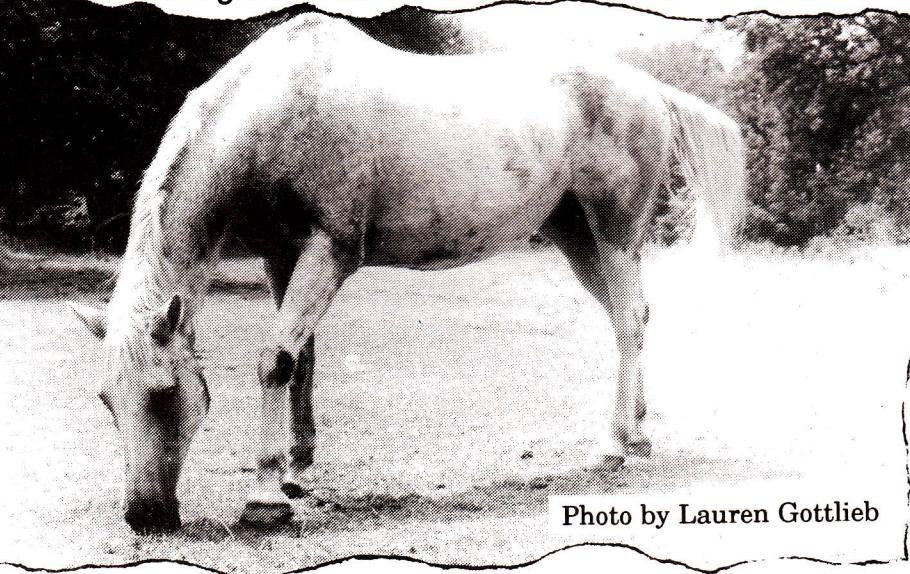


Photo by Lauren Gottlieb

A new shelter for the animals has since been erected, and all of the horses have returned to camp for the duration of the summer. There's Pete, the oldest and most refined of the group; Puff, the charming golden steed; Pirate, the rebellious one who loves snacking during trail rides; Mackey, the darling gray and white mare; and Bart, the newest and friendliest of all.

This year, we have seen many campers who have come

with no experience of horses at all, and they have worked hard to understand how to ride and care for horses.

Examples include Ken Rutner, who achieved his ambition of learning to canter (after just 3 weeks of riding), as well as Oliver Kenny, Nick Kenny, and Jonathan Krop, who have spent time learning to groom (with their friend Cade Goldenberg), as well as ride. It has also been exciting to see campers who have been riding at Buck's Rock in past years. Jamie Wiener, in particular, has made great improvements since last summer. Our only 'tumbler' this year was Amanda Thurm, but as she pointed out: "All the best riders fall off!"

There are many other campers, too numerous to mention, who have been involved with the stables this year. We hope they all gained some knowledge from our beautiful horses.

Horseback Riding Staff:

Marion Britton
Olga Valtina
Alana Clements JC

STABLES



What is Pioneering?

by Andrew Dansker

Pioneering includes various activities headed by Stan Schleifer.

The most popular of these activities is spelunking. Every Saturday and Sunday Stan leads an expedition into Tory Cave. Stan leads his eager followers through small wet passages supposedly haunted by the ghosts of Tories, people loyal to King George in the American revolution. Eventually the travelers find their way into the main enclosure. Here Stan tells the story of the cave, and a few of his camp-renowned jokes.

Various sites in the cave include Celine's Perch, The Throne Room, Ian's Grotto, The Lover's Room, and Joey's Passage.

Other activities include hikes, outings to museums, and overnight camping trips. The latter is one of the most fun things you can do at camp.

The camping trips are absolutely wonderful. You arrive at the campsite at around four. You then proceed to pitch the tents. After the tents are pitched and the van is unloaded the cooking begins. Everyone assists Stan in cooking his gourmet meals. They usually consist of pasta with Stan's secret sauce, meat or vegetarian, your choice. After dinner marshmallows are roasted and stories told. Eventually everyone drifts off to their tents.

All the activities led by Stan are mountains of fun.

Staff
Stan Schleifer

Frequenters
Andrew Dansker
Sara Bonnie
Greg Smith



The Watermelon League

by Lilith Sylvia Houseman



The Watermelon League, in which you can play softball, is the only sport at Buck's Rock that is organized into teams. However, this does not make it less enjoyable to play.

At first I wasn't sure I wanted to join, because I'm not very good at sports and I thought it would be embarrassing, but my friend Melissa and I decided to try out together. We requested that we be put on the same team and, luckily, we were.

Before our first game, we were really nervous. We went out to the field and started to warm up. The game started; our team was in the field first. I was placed at second base and Melissa was put in right field. Things were going pretty well, mostly because neither of us had had a chance to go even remotely near the ball.

After three outs our team was up to bat. I was batting seventh and Melissa was batting ninth. When number six went up at bat I got really uneasy. However, number six struck out, which made three outs, so I breathed a sigh of relief, grabbed my glove and ran back out to second base.

The next batter was up and he hit the ball really high. It went right towards me. I tried to remember everything I had been told about catching the ball. Watch it fall into your glove, stay under it, and other things. I tried to do everything I was supposed to but the ball fell out of my glove anyway.

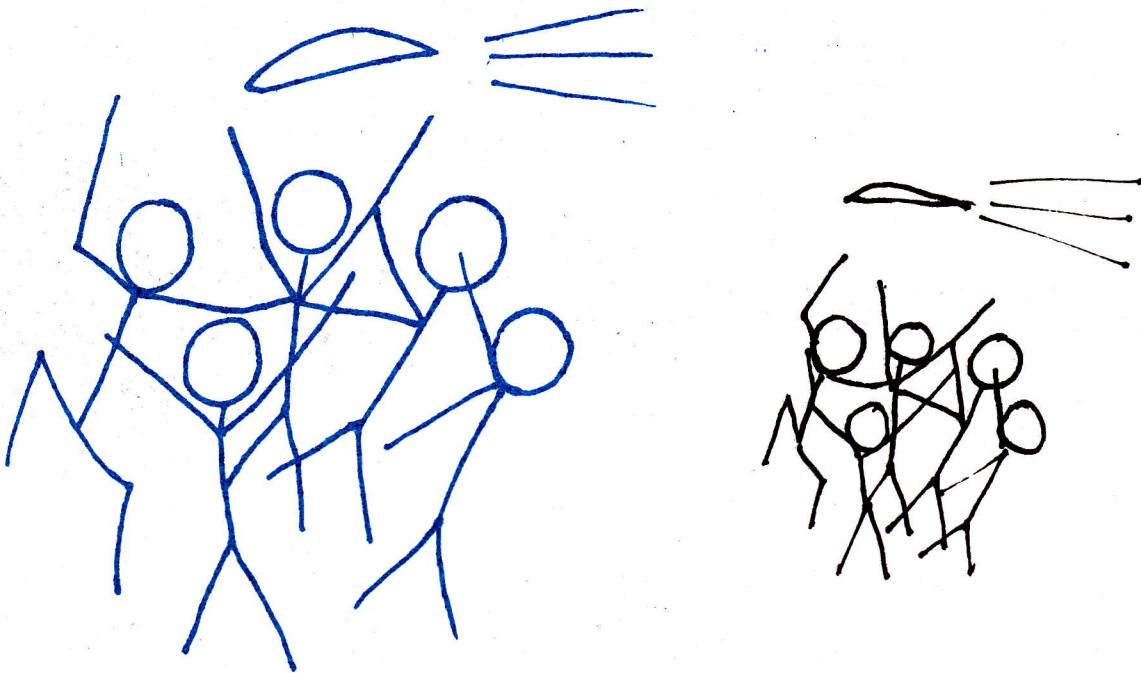
I felt so terrible. I was sure I would be kicked off the team for messing up on such an easy catch. The strange part was that no one seemed mad. They just continued to play as if it were normal to mess up. I took a deep breath and continued to play.

When I went back to my bunk I thought about what had happened, and I realized something: it didn't matter if I messed up, because no one cared and everyone was just out there to have fun.

And the best part was that the next game, I got to play second base anyway. There was another pop fly and that time I caught it.

Buck's Rock's Watermelon League not only made me a better softball player, it also helped me to realize that it didn't matter if I mess up, because I will always have another chance.

Ultimate Frisbee!



Frisbee (fris'be) *n.* A floating disc suspended in the air by kinetic energy created by a throwing motion of the arm.

Ultimate Frisbee (ul'ta'mit fris'be) *n.* A bone-tearing, skin-ripping, head-rending game that is designed solely for the purpose of superfluous pain and avoidable danger. In other words: be there or be celibate!

Where else can you knock down Isaac Butler without so much as a reprimand, force women and men alike to strip to the waist, and throw a large blunt object at a group of unsuspecting people? Mostly harmless you say?

Head of shop: Jacob Marley IV, Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come

Assistant Head of Shop: Steve Ansell

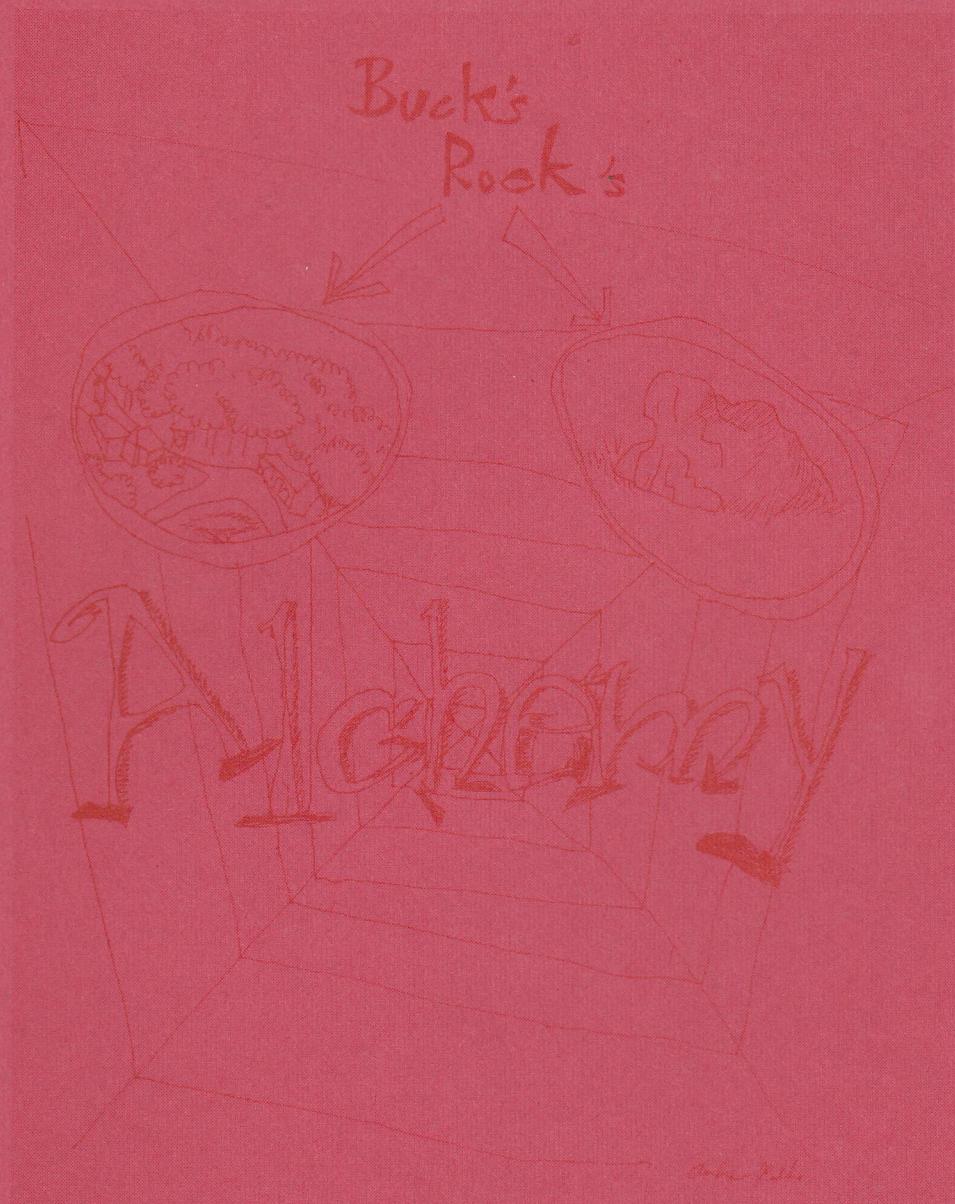
Frisbee Porters: Nick Weist and Dov Lebowitz-Nowak

Thank you: Arelio, Barry, Becky, Dave H., David, Ernie, Isaac, Ivan, Jenny, Leah, Owen, Sam, Simon, Steve, and Skyhooks.

Thank you also to Bob and Larry for always being there to catch the frisbee, and thanks most of all to our goddess of the disc: Kate Schapira.



•CAMP LIFE•



“Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.”

Robert Frost.

BUCK'S ROCK

A poem by Deborah Sacks

B

is for all the beautiful things that we make, and for the bounty of good will and friendship displayed...

U

is for the understanding that is shown when someone is homesick, sad, or feeling alone...

C

is for the creativity displayed through the days in so many different, diverse, and unique ways...

K

is for the kindness displayed without hesitation, everyone greets anyone with a friendly salutation...

S

is for the sports we play which are cooler than even I can say...

R

is for the radio show which can be heard in sun, rain, clouds or snow...

O

is for the orange, red, green, and blue, and all the other colors that make Buck's Rock true...

C

is for the great camp spirit, give a yell, c'mon, let's here it...

K

is for the clang, toot, crash and boom, and all other sounds that make the music here boom...

Together these letters make up BUCK'S ROCK, the camp
that is for people, what a mouse is for a hawk.

But don't take my word for it, come see for yourself, I
guarantee you, it'll be good for your health.



Did I Miss Something?

Buck's Rock Summer Camp Newspaper

Made by the kids - for the kids

A Storm of Rumors

by Katharine Bartow

July 10, 1997

When the gong rang this morning at 7:30, everyone opened their eyes to a bright sunny day. However, branches on the ground and ditches in the dirt where small rivers of rain water ran so recently reminded the camp of the storm that hit us yesterday. Although most of the community know by now that the only catastrophe was the burning of the barn, twenty-four hours ago rumors ran as quickly as the water.



Jon Metric Lends a Hand

that the cow had begun to give birth in the middle of all the action at the Stables. In the Photo Shop and Ceramics area there was a fear of fire because the smoke from a Raku firing was transmitted to the dark-room. The Photo Shop was evacuated and all of the campers were moved to the porch. Despite the fact that all the stories were unfounded, everyone felt upset about the fact that something was going on and no one had the real story. One camper said, "I just kept running around trying to find out what was going on. I heard a lot of stories, but every time that I started to investigate I was sent on another wild goose chase."

There were other rumors running around on the bus that was trying to return from a trip to Kent Falls. When the bus arrived at the camp road, it was detained by several fire trucks and a few "Water Witch" cars. The firemen told the bus dri-

ver that the "barn" was on fire and that the road would be closed off for a while. To most of the campers the barn meant the Animal Farm. Several of the campers began to worry about their adopted pets and others were concerned that the fire could spread. In about an hour the group was told that everything was under control, and the bus was allowed to reenter the main camp.

Although everyone was worried and bewildered, people managed to pull themselves together and help out those who were the most distressed. Counselors ran from bunk to bunk plugging up leaks while the older campers, CIT's and JC's tried to keep the Dining Hall safe and comfortable. Although the area was crowded and hot, the friendship and concern that is a part of Buck's Rock was clearly evident. Laura Morris stated this morning that, "it was wonderful to see our community help each other out. Everyone did all that they could to make sure things remained calm. I think that the fact that everyone is safe today shows that we succeeded." Barry Tropp, who spent the day making sure that the camp was running as smoothly as possible, said today that he was "scared. I was very upset, but I'm just glad that nobody was hurt. Loss of property is devastating but it is nothing to the injury of people. Everyone worked as a team; the staff listened, the campers listened, and everyone was kept safe." All that is left now is for Buck's Rock to stay together and help overcome this sudden disaster.

Diversity Day Begins a Tradition

by Dan Dorfsman

July 4th marked the first annual Diversity Day at Buck's Rock Camp. With posters, performances and workshops, Diversity Day helped to educate both campers and staff while including large doses of fun and humor.

The planning for Diversity Day began only a few days before when I approached Rob Kuropatwa, Mickey, Laura and Jon Metric with the idea for a Gay Pride Day, similar to the one held in June of last year. After a brief meeting, the decision was made to have a day that celebrated all diversities, and what better day than on Independence Day. Planning commenced and, with the help of many staff and C.I.T.'s, the day was pulled off with both ease and interest.

The evening kicked off at seven o'clock on the porch with workshops planned to uncover the internal prejudice that we all have. The first consisted of the participants breaking up into three groups. One group considered itself to be made up of "plungers" or people who plunge into obstacles. Another group were the "waders", people who go ahead but with apprehension. The final group were the "testers", people who test everything before attacking the impending dilemma. After the participants split into their

respective groups, each group wrote down how it felt about the other groups and about itself. These answers were shared with the intention of showing stereotype.

Jon Metric led the second workshop, which began with everyone in the group closing their eyes. Each person had a colored dot drawn on their forehead. All participants, with the exception of one, had a dot that corresponded with those of a few other participants. The participants were then told to go to where they felt most comfortable. The purpose of this exercise was to show many people's tendency to flock to people that have similar physical features, in this case the colored dot. Some participants did go to those with the same color, while a few chose to go with their friends or co-workers.

The night continued at eight-thirty at the Summer Theatre with performances by various staff members showing their diversities, including nationality, age, race and sexual orientation. Representatives from the Czech and Slavic Republics danced, gave a vocabulary lesson, and displayed a traditional Easter complete with the traditional light taps with a whip on the female's bottom.

A great part of the night was filled with poetry from all over the world, realized she had had the calf already and started screaming at the top of our lungs. "

Minutes later, the gong rang as throngs of people sped up the road to the Animal Farm shed. For a while, there was some discussion in the back of the shed about what to call the calf. She was almost called Caroline, but when the camper who adopted her found out that human names weren't allowed, that idea was destroyed. Io was finally decided upon. It originates from a Greek myth. Io, who is one of Zeus' mortal lovers, is pursued

including Australia, Finland and Poland. Katharine Bartow recited a sample of deaf poetry. One counselor recited performance poetry written to Jessie Jackson, and I read poems by Walt Whitman, who wrote several controversial poems about homosexual love.

Other performances included genetic diversity, where two goats were paraded on stage; age diversity, where Ernst shared the microphone with Mickey and Laura's young daughter Emily; and diversity in food, which was displayed through the passing out of kiwi, a fruit from New Zealand.

Several people presented a question and answer session. Questions were asked of staff from Africa, Russia and Finland. Alice O'Grady presented drums and clothing from West Africa.

The night was a great success. The performance overflowed with talent and diversity by many talented and diverse people. As I said in closing the Diversity Night performance, please take what you've learned and use it to your benefit. This night was to educate you and I hope that everyone who attended will gain a new respect for the great diversity on this earth.

by an extremely jealous Hera. So, to keep Hera from catching Io, Zeus turns Io into a cow. Then Io's father arrives and finds her and does not know who she is, so she scratches her name in the dirt with her hoof. Hera then chases her to Egypt, where Io is worshipped as a Goddess because Zeus turns her back into her human form when others are watching.

On Saturday, the calf started to learn to bottlefeed and ended up with her head covered in milk.

Holy Cow!

by Eliza Bean

At eight o'clock on Friday the 11th of July, Snowflake, the pregnant cow at the animal farm, gave birth to a beautiful calf. Lisa Capone and Addie Walz were just walking past the shed after feeding their animals, when they decided to check on Snowflake, who was in the shed.

"We saw her licking something and we thought she had killed an oversized dog or something. Then we

LIFE IN 55 YEARS

by Nicholas Himmel

On July 19, 1997, Buck's Rock celebrated 55 years of history. A large alumni reunion was planned, with special events. It was a day to look back and think how the world has changed over the last 55 years. But how will the world change over the next 55 years? We will progress into the next millennium and reach the year 2052. We may have elected as many as 13 presidents and will have held 13 summer Olympics. And with advancing technology and an increasing interest in space, we will probably have a man on Mars and an orbiting hotel. But how will this affect the camp?

This camp started without the aid of computers, but in this day and age, computers play a large role in this camp. At Publications, all writing is entered and laid out on the computer. The Computer Shop is bigger and better, and has logged onto the World Wide Web. With computers rapidly evolving, what kind of role will they play in the future? People are already taking photos on digital cameras and printing them on the computer. Could this be the destiny of the Photo Shop?

What if there were a third world war in the future? This camp was born during World War II and the war helped shape some of the camp's ideals. World War III could significantly change this camp and the ideas behind it. With the possible use of nuclear weapons, the camp would have to have a way to protect everything from nuclear fallout. The radiation from these weapons could destroy crops around the world, creating a shortage. The Vegetable Farm would have to be reopened and campers would have to work there. Also, the USA receives a lot of supplies from other countries. If we are at war with one of these countries, then there could be any form of shortage, from clothing to paper. And if there were such shortages, then some counselors who produce these items would not be allowed back and would have to work. And in a worst case scenario, this camp might not even be here, due to our destructive weapons.

The year 2052 is far from now and we have no idea of what the world will look like. This camp is quite strong and is built on Ernst's dream. The various people in this camp have managed to come together as one and stay together. Through thick and thin this camp has constantly shown the ability to adapt to a situation and reach the end. No matter what happens or is invented in the future, I believe this camp will be able to pull itself together and continue on. Also as people and things may disappear the dream this camp is built on cannot. So no matter what happens to this camp I believe the dream will live on in one form or another.

Buck's Rock Receives Phone Call from Satan!

by Scott Kraiterman

(Reprinted from spoof issue)

July 25, 1997



Jeff Shuster

Imagine if you were a part of the following conversation.

"Hello?"

"Hello. How's the weather, cool?"

"Uh, no actually, it's pretty hot," the boy answered.

"I bet so," the deep voice over the pay-phone continued. "But that's off the subject, boy."

"Who is this?"

"Let's just say I come from Down Under."

"You mean Australia?"

"No, I don't mean Australia, you imbecile, way Down Under."

"Listen, if you're calling for a camper, I could just take a mess."

"No, no, no. I'm not calling for a camper. I'm calling for the whole camp."

"If you could just tell me your name, I'm sure I could pass it on to Mickey and Laura."

"Listen, boy," the voice interrupted. "I'M NOT CALLING FOR MICKEY AND LAURA!"

"I'm sorry. Hey, is this a prank?"

"No, this is not a prank. Here, I'll prove it. Look up."

It then started to rain heavily for a moment, but not everywhere. It only rained directly over the boy.

"Whoa, did you do that?"

"OF COURSE I DID! NOW WITNESS MY POWER!"

The boy's hat immediately caught fire, and he quickly threw it to the ground, singeing his hand. He then began to cry, and pleaded with the voice to stop. "No! Please leave me (sob) alone!"

"Oh don't be a baby. Now write this down, and just see what your puny

directors can do about it. I'm in charge now, boy. This summer camp you go to, 'Buck's Rock,' it's the happiest place around. And I can't stand that. This camp season is ending weeks short, I'm afraid. Ta-ta. Oh, by the way, tell them Lucifer is paying a visit."

-Line Dead-

This is not a joke. This phone call actually happened. Last Thursday at about 3:15 PM, a camper, whose identity cannot be disclosed at this time, answered a call on 'Winnie' and took part in this conversation. The boy immediately reported the call to Mickey and Laura, who are currently assessing the details. The Morrises told this reporter that the camper had told them, "His voice was very deep and scratchy, and his tone sounded strange and sinister."

SNET, the local phone company, also confirmed that the call took place. Bob Millen, a representative from SNET, told us yesterday that there had been strange readings from the tracer that detected the call. At first, the tracer detected two ends of the call, one from Buck's Rock, but the other was unidentifiable. It read only 'no carrier.' Seven seconds after the beginning of the call, the lines were both detected dead at the exact same instant. In such a rare occurrence, the computer automatically calls the lines to see if the machinery is malfunctioning. Since the other line (besides Buck's Rock) could not be found, it just called the Buck's Rock line, which was strangely busy. After a systems check, SNET found no problems with the system. This had never happened before, and the SNET workers were expecting something odd, or even paranormal, as Millen affirmed.

The strangest thing is that the computer shows no record of the call at all, not even the seven seconds when it was detected. That means it must have erased itself, or someone had tampered with it. Millen told us that the likelihood of someone tampering with the machinery was slim. Fifteen minutes after the telephone interview with this reporter, Bob Millen, 34, was struck by a random bolt of lightning that not even today, after many meteorologists' evaluations, can be explained. Millen is in critical condition at the Musion County Hospital in Hartford, Connecticut.

So far, nothing else has happened, besides witnesses to the occurrence being scared right out of their minds. Some even speculate that the monstrous storm that took out the stables was caused by the devil himself. We all must wait in fear and anticipation of the inevitable verdict. What will be our fate? No one knows. Perhaps not even God himself.

A Trip Down Memory Lane

Buck's Rock Prepares For The Reunion

by Alex Rich

July 18, 1997

On Saturday, July 19, 1997, Buck's Rock Camp will hold its 55th anniversary reunion. Alumni from around the world will come together to celebrate the growth of Buck's Rock and its longstanding community. Throughout the day, events will be held in an attempt to introduce the alumni to the newest generation of Buck's Rockers and to the changes made over the years.

The alumni are expected to arrive at about eleven o'clock and, at noon, they will be treated to a picnic lunch.

Following lunch, campers, staff and alumni will attend a music concert at the Summer Theatre, during which Buck's Rock alumnus Orin Starr will be performing bluegrass music. At three o'clock, the Music Shed staff will hold a recital down at the Summer Theatre.

One of the day's main events will be the unveiling of the sculpture "Clock Around the Rock." The clock will be a large sundial whose various components will be made by each shop in camp. The sundial itself will be positioned on a stump and will be surrounded by benches. The clock will serve not only as a timepiece commemorating the 55th anniversary, but also as a seating area and a place for

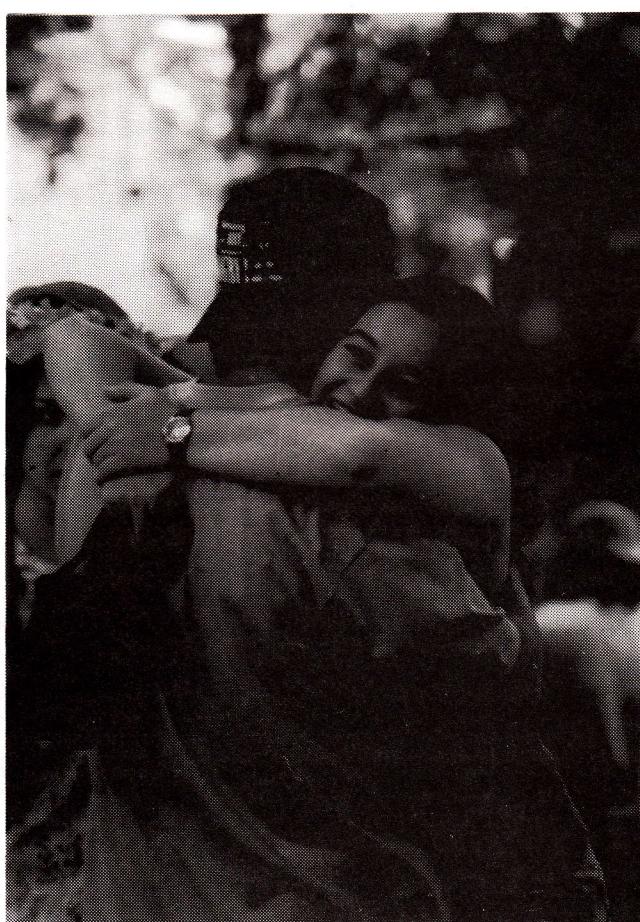
campers and staff to relax. As many people may have noticed, the symbol for the fifty-five years of Buck's Rock on the camp's announcements is the timepiece itself.

loom. The Weaving Shop is auctioning off one of the big group tapestries being woven by campers from every bunk to benefit the Buck's Rock Scholarship Fund. Also, the Canteen will be open all day long and will be selling Buck's Rock T-shirts. All profits will go to the Scholarship Fund, which will be a major beneficiary of the reunion and will help send less fortunate kids to Buck's Rock.

Many shops have been preparing for the big event since the first day of camp. The Publications Shop has been gathering yearbook covers, creating a color nostalgia poster to be sold at reunion. Every shop has been creating their own numerals for the "Clock Around the Rock." The clock is one of the first projects that has involved work from every shop in camp. Shops like Metals/Jewelry have taken time out of work in order to volunteer staff and camper help on the clock.

Immediately preceding the second Music Shed Concert will be an alumni softball game. The game will be a final chance for old friends to talk and for the visitors to feel like campers again.

By five o'clock the thousands of guests will have vacated the camp and everything will return to normal — until the 60th reunion, that is.



Remember me?

Each shop will be open all afternoon to allow visitors to browse and reminisce about the projects they worked on in the past. The reunion will be a day for the shops to show what the campers have accomplished so far this summer.

The Weaving Shop has been spending much of the first half of the summer working on its community

Reflections on Buck's Rock

By Brett Ian Kizner

It seems so long ago, yet I remember it like yesterday. I drove into camp past the clowns and walked right up to the Meet and Greeters with anticipation, wondering what my first summer, at a place I had heard so much about from my mother and brothers, would be like. I was welcomed with a good British "ello" and "I'll show you to your bunk." This was 1993, Buck's Rock's 51st summer.

1993 was a good year. It was calm and serene. I wandered around for a few days trying this and that. One day I wandered into Pub, just as they were having a computer problem. Naturally, I sat down and fixed the problem. I look up today at the computer screen and see myself as a more mature version of the same boy who sat in this very chair 4 years ago.

The counselors were very grateful that I had fixed their computer, especially one, whose name was James. James and I quickly became friends. He showed me his photo techniques and I taught him how to use the computer.

So I found my niche in Pub. Yearbook time came and I became dedicated to the Pub Shop. I made more friends. These friendships last even today, while I am sitting here and they are not. This is what Buck's Rock is really about: friends. It's about making new friendships, and making the older friendships a little bit stronger. The great thing about the Buck's Rock environment is that you can be friends with anyone, even a fifty year old counselor when you are only twelve.

When I wrote to the camp that I would be coming back this year I had many doubts. My best friends were not returning for various reasons, but no one is without friends at Buck's Rock. I made new friendships and developed my lesser friendships into something more.

I sit here thinking how the camp has changed. I have gone through three different camp administrations: Ed and Stan, then Ron, Margaret, and Jon, and now Mickey, Laura and Jon. I have seen counselors come and go. I've seen the Duprees leave, only to return three years later. I've seen dedicated counselors coming back year after year. People like Bob and Pam Dicke, whose sons have grown up here, Ian Jackson and Marc Richter, who are always going above and beyond the call of their jobs. I've even been here long enough to see two staff members, Bev & Forrest Canapari, fall in love and get married.

I've seen improvements: A darkroom built in pub, and new Power Macs for writing and graphic layout. Just last year the Capable Construction Crew (CCC) was reactivated, after being retired for twenty years, to provide the computer shop with phone lines for internet access.

I've participated in four excellent Festival productions and over twenty other shows, as an actor and then, equally important, a techie.

I've come and gone four times now, and each time it seems harder to pick up and leave, as if I am getting more and more attached to the camp.

I always hear about how older is better, but it does not apply to Buck's Rock. Buck's Rock is a unique place, where each year is different and special in its own way, this year more than any other. With Mickey and Laura's direction this camp is getting newer ideas from a younger generation which understands today's youth, while still following Ernst's excellent example of what Buck's Rock should be.

I never thought I could love a place as much as I do Buck's Rock.

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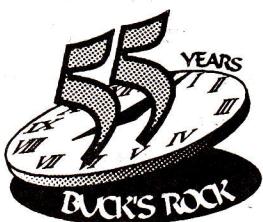
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Katharine 'Ain't no farm girl' Bartow
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Dan 'Ride girrl' Dorfsman
Brett 'Get this out to print, NOW!' Kizner
Michael 'Tropical Paradise' DeMarco
Kira 'New and Improved' Brook



In Praise of Diversity with Reservations

by Ernst Bulova

We have used the fourth of July tradition to talk of diversity. We noticed the diversity of nationalities and languages that distinguishes the staff of Buck's Rock and admired the colorful flags that stand for that diversity. But we can't forget that such diversity is the cause of a nationalism that so far has divided mankind into camps that more often than not have deteriorated into a hostility that spelled disaster.

We remembered that there are more than eight thousand religions, dead or alive. Although they often provide solace and support for individual believers, let them pay the price for the comfort they receive by seeing mankind split into incompatible camps, since they have to put their trust into the uniqueness of a particular faith. We are facing a diversity of what we say and what we do. We applaud the diversity that makes each generation different from the next without being able to completely fill the gaps. We welcome the diversity of methods to communicate with each other, although we have the problem of getting across what we mean, having to rely on the inadequacy of mere words.

We have a diversity of war memorials going back to antiquity, but we still miss a diversity of peace memorials. We have been engaging in a diversity of 'Holy Wars,' overlooking the possibility that there may be no such thing as a holy war, and that all wars may be unholy means of solving our diverse conflicts. We praise the diversity of our efforts to explore the cosmos, but often underestimate the difficulties of coming to terms with the immensity of the universe, in which our earth is so minuscule a part that in astronomical terms, it is almost non-existent.

The realization of our insignificance is both the source of pride in our existence as well as the source of our despair. We live with the diversity of our individualities that are so singular and dissimilar that we truly cannot understand each other fully. We must cope with the realization that we can only flourish by forming a diversity of communities and societies. We suffer from the fact that there is a diversity of civilizations that makes the concept of 'One World' remain a desirable goal that so far has eluded us.

We often come face to face with the diversity of choices and alternatives around us that are in conflict with our limited means of handling them. We sometimes have to confront the diversity of emotions and thoughts within ourselves and the diversity of means to deal with them. The diversity of talk is not always accompanied by a diversity of action. The attempts to let freedom ring can be jeopardized by the diversity of definitions of what freedom is. There is a diversity of limitations imposed on us, in opposition to a variety of attempts to free ourselves from them.

All in all, we should be able to enjoy diversity and its numerous diversifications if we were already able to deal with them in a rational way. The diversity of scientific thinking, explorations and discoveries still clashes with a diversity of illusions that we seem to feel are necessary. Fortunately, there is a diversity of hopes that points towards a happy diversity of possibilities in the future.

New Milford 8 - Uphill

by David Glasser



July 26, 1997 was the New Milford 8, which was an eight-mile-long race around New Milford. It was quite a hard course.

It started at the the New Milford Fair. After we arrived, signed in and got our free bags of assorted stuff (what did they think a runner would need a Butterfinger for in a race?), and stretched, the gunshot rang out and we were off! The first mile or two were mostly flat, but they were also mainly in the hot sun. After that, we started going uphill. And then uphill some more. And yet more uphill. I kept in mind that as the finish was on the same level as the start, there must be some downhill soon. But the course kept going up and up and up, seemingly without end!

Just before the six mile mark, there were about 100 people from Buck's Rock cheering us on and giving us water. Right where they stood was a tiny downhill stretch, leading me to believe that I would finally lose the pain in my legs. But no, right after I passed the Buck's Rockers cheering me on, the course went back to a slight upward incline. But I ran on anyway, uphill or not.

I finally made it to the seven mile mark. Only one more mile to go, I thought to myself. I'll run it in, I thought to myself.

And then I hit Cardiac Hill.

In all the courses I've run, Cardiac Hill is the steepest, longest, most annoyingly placed hill I've run on, beating out even "Hell Hill" at my school's cross-country course. I pushed and I pushed, but I still had to resort to walking before I topped that hill.

After that, it continued uphill and uphill even more! I feared the course would never go downhill. Finally, with the finish line less then a quarter mile away, I saw the downhill stretch. It seemed steeper even than Cardiac Hill! I was feeling happy that I was running down it, not up it, until I started going down. Now, it may help to mention here that my running shoes were a bit small, and my toenails were a bit long. In running down that steep hill, my toenails were driven backwards into my toes! Though my legs are feeling fine now, my toes are still sore.

But I made it down the hill, and through the finish line. Then I sat down and prayed that I would never have to go uphill again.

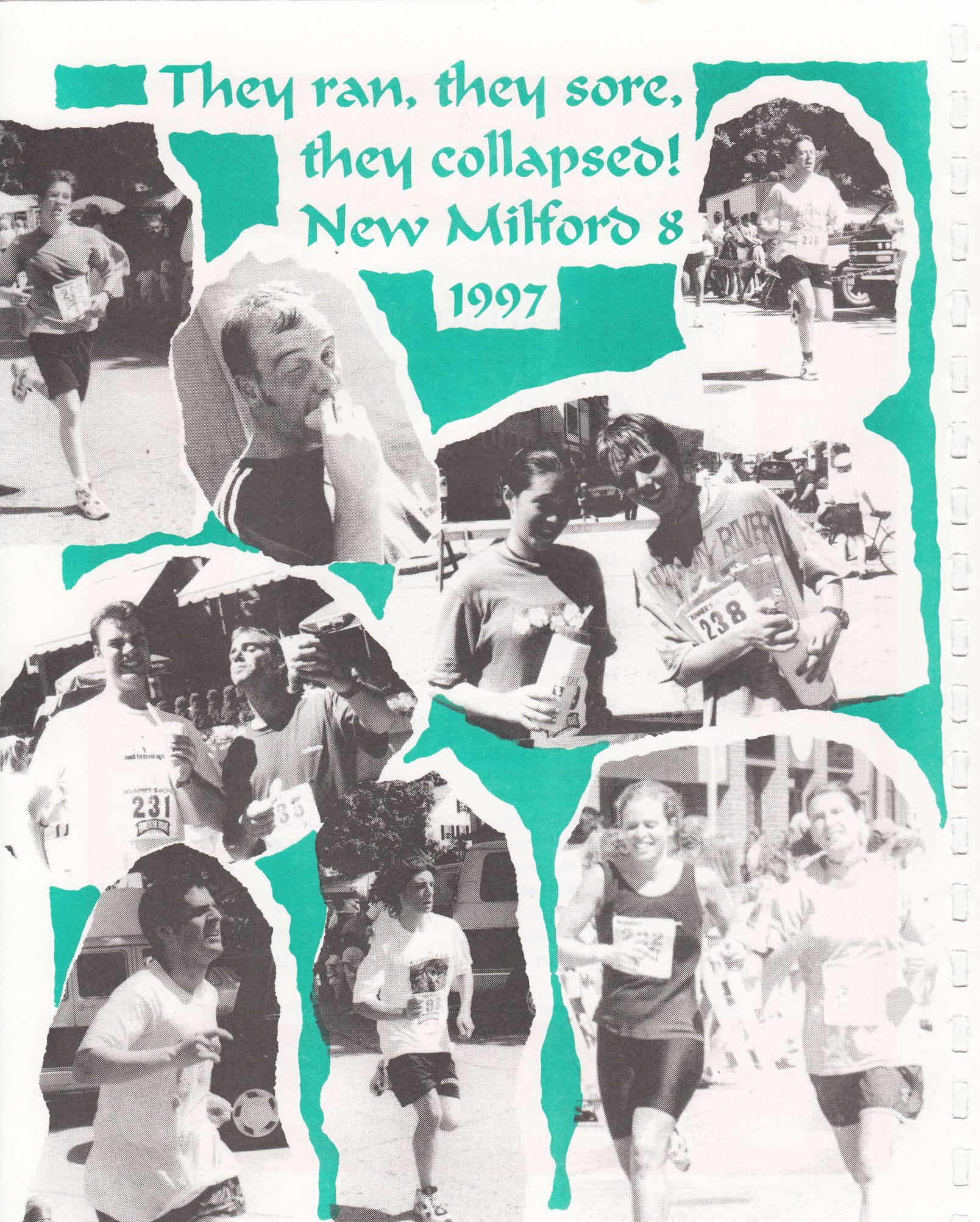
New Milford 8: Table of Times

43	John Levy	52:48
78	Sebastian Mbogella	56:03
90	Igor Rymarev	57:01
115	Ian Jackson	58:58
133	Michael Ajerman	1:00:40
146	Aaron McCullough	1:01:31
148	Harriet Haylock	1:01:34
163	Bob Needham	1:02:26
181	Veronika Dudova	1:03:33
193	Ian Gittins	1:04:28
226	Jonathan Sherwood	1:06:39
227	Frank Hohenstein	1:06:40
270	David Wareham	1:10:31
340	Leah Moskowitz	1:20:06
352	Kieran Holden	1:24:24
356	David Glasser	1:25:29
362	Ilze Buldere	1:32:26
363	Pete Meyers	1:32:27
365	Eric Wellman	1:39:05
NA	Gabby Spragg	1:??:??
NA	Ellen Goodwin	1:??:??
NA	Amy Zimmerman	1:59:59

Note: Gabby, Ellen, and Amy came in after scores stopped being taken.

They ran, they sore, they collapsed! New Milford 8

1997



Some thoughts while wandering through the exhibition arranged by the CITs at Buck's Rock and attending their performances

By Ernst Bulova

It was the naturalist Charles Darwin, a passenger on H.M.S Beagle, who happened to discover the missing link that connects the animal world and the species *Homo sapiens* and who described it in his books. We, here at Buck's Rock, have found our own form of link. They are our counselors in training. They will have to go by that name, though it is a misnomer. They are not really counselors although at times they may counsel others, each other or themselves. So who or what are they?

They are links. Darwinian links. They are the milestones that mark the transition from childhood to maturity. They are children no longer but they are close enough to childhood not to have forgotten what it was like to have been children. Yet they are too close to adulthood not to be touched by the affliction imposed on older people by Mnemosyne, the goddess of memory. She is the daughter of Uranus and Gaea, and the mother, with Zeus as the father, of the nine muses. She is the most unreliable of the ancient Greek deities. She lets you forget what has happened and distorts many events of the past.

The CITs! We often call them – with unwarranted condescension – teenagers, because we have not found the right word for this stage in human development. They say of themselves, "We are both teachers and students." But so are all of us. We teach and we learn as long as we live. But they are more than just teachers and students.

They are the link that Darwin discovered in nature. They provide the force that makes the transition from one generation to the next possible. They are the motor, the fuel and the spark. Without the presence of adolescents, another misnomer, men and women would still be living in caves, facing the fangs of the saber-toothed tiger and the hoofs of the mastodon. The tasks fate has imposed on the younger generation result in the changes that mark the course of human history. Without the heat, the tension that their role has thrust on them, human development would have run out of steam long ago and Charles Darwin would have found it difficult to prove the validity of his theory for mankind.

It is the young of every generation who by their skills, their talents, the energy and the strength they possess, are the architects, the builders of the bridges that close the gap between the generations but leave enough openings to make development possible and necessary. How do they do that? They have a number of means at their command. One of them we call Art. What is Art? We might say: "Art is the attempt to give mankind meaning in its essentially meaningless existence but finds and gives satisfaction."

And so we wander through the exhibition the CITs have mounted. We watch and listen to the plays performed with all the passion needed to do justice to the parts. They do it and we might feel that the line drawn between comedy and tragedy is not very distinct. To ask, why are you crying when I am laughing can be answered: why are you laughing whilst I am crying? To be or not to be may be asking a question that needs not to be answered. The pursuit of happiness is to reach out for something without knowing what it is. To deal with authority can be as difficult as it is to decide when to say yes or no.

It may not always be wise to listen to the voice of wisdom unless you think you might have missed something. This is the phrase that was chosen to head the Buck's Rock summer camp newspaper. These are some of the thoughts that occur while watching the performances of the CITs. They had indeed used the old art form of the theater, a Greek word that points to its origin in antiquity. It is the art to turn yourself into a being that you are not but thereby become more yourself. A paradox as paradoxical as life itself.



Some other CITs decided by participating in orchestras and jazz bands, in choral singing and madrigals, to turn sounds into music. Others put the fruit of their imagination into writing made permanent through printing or conveyed through recitation. That goes back to Homer who was claimed as a son by seven Greek city-states and therefore may not have existed as a person. To the author of two great epics, the Iliad and the Odyssey, history denied the significance of authorship. Listen, all of you who are writers. There are those who speak to you in colors and drawings that illuminate their impressions on canvas, or paper, or on cloth by a Malayan process called batik. They exhibit the garments they made although their designs are a far cry from the furs the cavewomen wore and their men brought back from the hunt. Some CITs used photography as a means to arrest fleeting moments and give them permanence. You can also find objects blown of glittering but fragile glass and others cast in solid metal. You can admire articles fashioned of gleaming silver in fantastic shapes. The art of ceramics originally invented by women is here displayed in colors that were baked in their kilns.

Many of the exhibits are marked "untitled," leaving the initiative to find titles, where no titles may be needed, to the beholder, since what he or she sees may be only in their eyes anyway. There is an instrument marked as a work in progress that holds out the promise of a finished product. A metal sword and a twisted ring, an amoeba under glass and some perfume bottles. Full attention and recognition is due to the work of the CITs, the counselors in training of Buck's Rock Camp, summer season 1997. They are represented in the exhibition arranged by them, in their performances and publications. They are a testimony to their creativity, originality and craftsmanship. They also stand for the prototypes of the links that bind generation to generation and bring changes without jeopardizing continuity.

Kitchen and Dining Hall

by Lilith Sylvia Houseman



The lunch line seems to drag on forever and you wonder, "How in the world did I get so hungry since breakfast?" The counselor on line duty always seems to stop the line right before you get in so you end up having to wait another round until your turn.

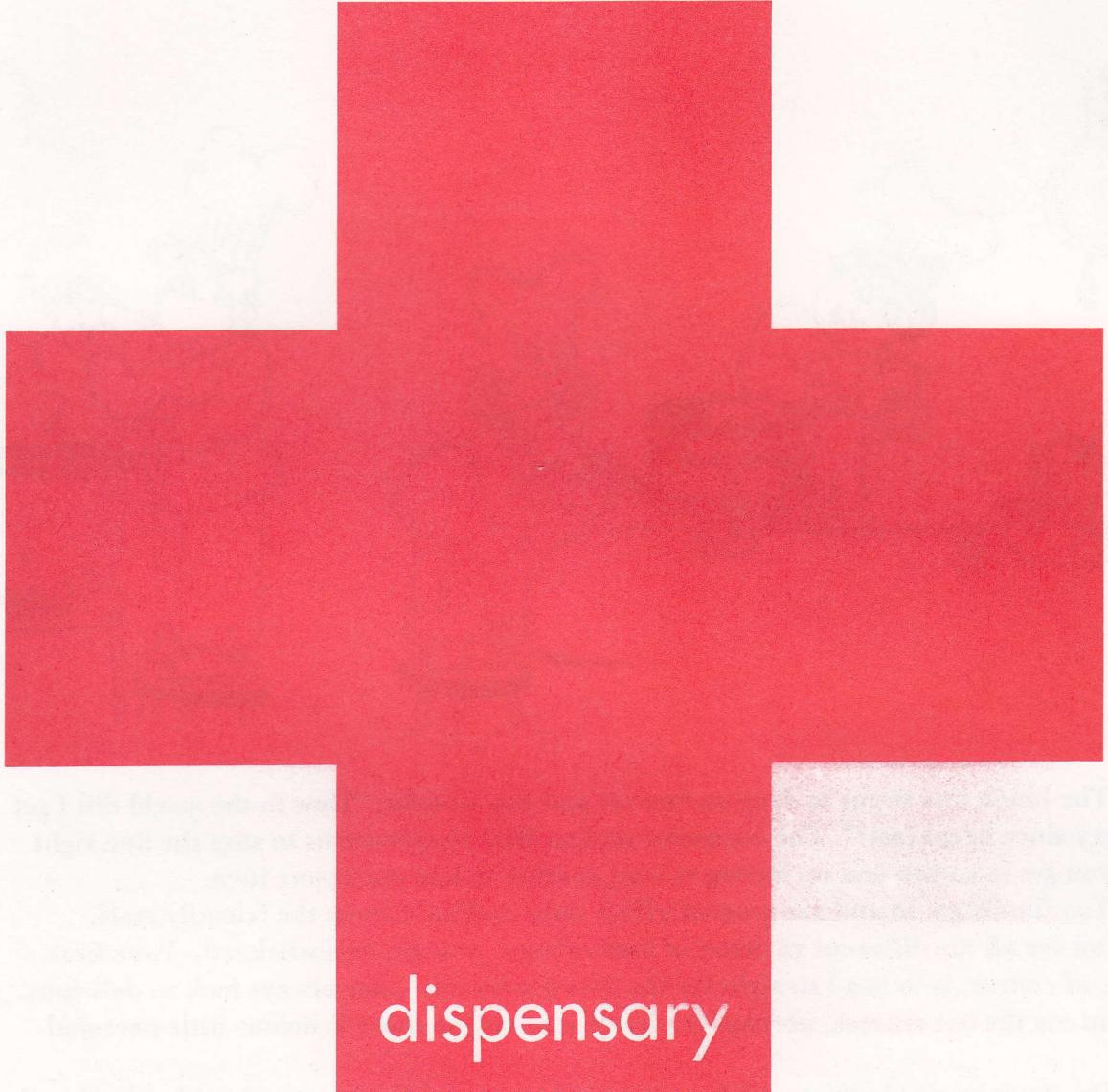
You finally get in and are greeted with a smile and hello from the friendly staff. When you see all the different varieties of food offered, you are overwhelmed. Your first instinct, of course, is to head straight for the desserts because they always look so delicious. Then you see the hot entrees; perhaps it's lasagna or maybe those delicious little personal pizzas.

Or, if you're not in the mood for a hot meal, you can always go to the salad bar/sandwich buffet. For vegetarians, there is some type of rice or tofu dish at every meal. It's truly amazing how the kitchen staff manages to cater to so many people's wants and needs.

Every Saturday, lunch and dinner are served outside on the lawn, weather permitting. These meals are a peaceful and fun change from the usual routine of cafeteria dining.

Even though we may sometimes whine about the choices, we appreciate the Kitchen staff's thoughtfulness and willingness to help us through the day with our various food preferences (especially our dessert needs).

All in all, the Kitchen staff does a wonderful job of supplying everyone with enough food and nourishment to continue on their busy days without collapsing due to malnutrition.



dispensary

Nighttime

by Andrew Zorowitz



At 7:15, the gong rings. This is the start of tonight's early nighttime activity. Tonight, it is Buck's Rock Bowl. This is a trivia game show in which each of the shops compete. After all of the teams have played, winners go on to the semi-finals and then the final round. The winner becomes the champion of the year. The game itself consists of three rounds each, with 20 questions worth plus or minus 1 and a final bonus worth 3 points. Tonight, Music beat Radio and Batik. Other early nighttime activities include activities sponsored by shops, such as glass fusion; Speak Outs, which are discussion groups on important topics such as the death penalty; and other short productions or activities.

At 8:15 the gong rings to signify that the nighttime activity will start. Tonight we tried something new, the Bucks Rock Olympics, which includes wild and crazy events such as giant soccer, sack races, egg-in-spoon-in-mouth race, the obstacle relay race and the water balloon toss. The event, which took place on the lawn, was emceed by Rob and several guest announcers throughout the evening.

Some of the many other events this summer were movies, trips to a roller skating rink, a mini golf game all around camp we called Putzy Putt Putt, plays by the theatre department, concerts from the music department, dance shop performances, Staff on Stage and Talent Night.

At about 10:30, the final gong rings. This gong is for put-to-bed and tells that another night is finished and that the nighttime staff has achieved another job well done. With this thought they go back to the drawing board to finalize plans for tomorrow's nighttime activity.

Nighttime Staff 1997:

Rob Kuropatwa

Josh Leitner (JC)

Canteen

by Simon Fornari

From our home box office at 59 buck rock road
the top 10 questions and answers at the canteen

10. *Q: Why are there no Sour Cream & Onion Pringles?*

A: The store doesn't carry them.

9. *Q: When is the next delivery coming?*

A: SOON!

8. *Q: Why is Greg Smith "second boss"?*

A: Because he is ONLY 7!

7. *Q: Can I be a canteen C.I.T.I.T.?*

A: Talk to Josh and he will say YES and give you a name tag.

6. *Q: Can I work today?*

A: Of course, we never get too crowded here.

5. *Q: Is there popcorn today?*

A: Yes.

4. *Q: When is the popcorn going to be ready?*

A: Soon, it's just a slow machine!

3. *Q: Why is it so hot in here?*

A: It's summer; it's supposed to be hot.

2. *Q: Can we help Josh put the soda and ice-cream away when the delivery comes?*

A: Yes, I know you want the candy.

1. *Q: Why don't you have water left?*

A: You drink it all...and we go through 48 bottles a day, even though we have water fountains!

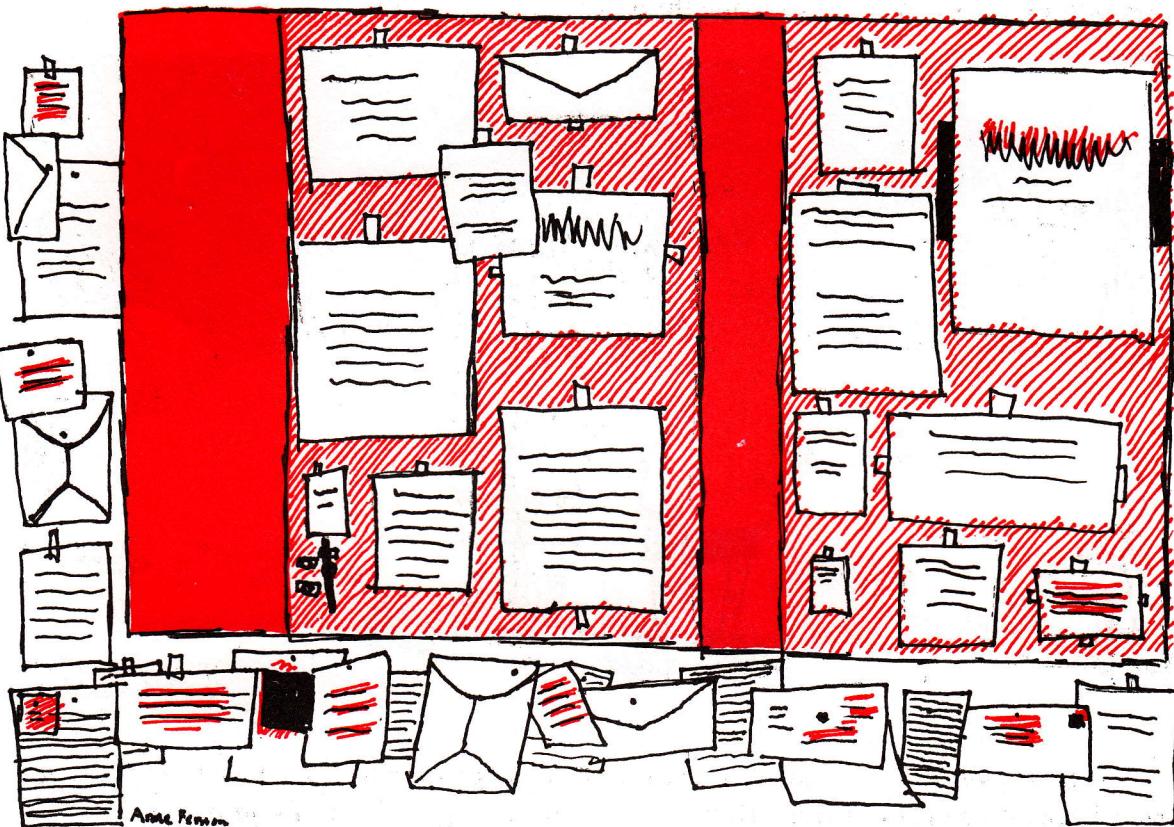
Thanks to everyone who helped out in the canteen this summer, especially the C.I.T.I.T.'s, and to Laura for cleaning the back room for us!



The Office

by Michael DeMarco

BRRRING...
BRRRING...



There are many wonderful places to visit at Buck's Rock, and among the most wonderful is the friendly office. The Office is not merely an information service, a place to sign out and in, and to receive pencils, pens, tape, scissors, etc., the building in which the mail is sorted, or the area in which important records are kept. No, the Office is not merely a place: it is a concept.

Just what is this concept? It is physical, mental, and spiritual. Physical because it is a solid, tangible presence, mental because it evokes a voluminous quantity of thought, and spiritual because it is the metaphysical essence of Buck's Rock. The courteous Office staff, then, are left with the challenge of taking on these three spheres.

And successfully they have risen to this challenge, keeping the camp functioning smoothly and efficiently. It is as vital to Buck's Rock as the liver is to the body. The tremendous responsibility involved in maintaining this Buck's Rock juggernaut has been gracefully carried on the backs of the office staff.

Trips

by Anne Fenton

Trips have come to be as large a part of the daily life of Buck's Rock campers as eating, sleeping, and visiting shops. Hardly a day passes without some bunk, shop, or department venturing out into the "real world." The summer of 1997 has been no exception, and the variety of trips has provided something for everyone.



Almost every camper and CIT has been lucky enough to experience the exciting world of downtown New Milford first-hand on the ever-popular bunk movie trips. For those who were not satisfied by such petty trips, there were chances throughout the summer to venture as far as New York, Massachusetts, and distant towns in Connecticut (or as distant as they can get in a state of this size).

Several trips have offered campers a chance to witness some of the natural wonders of the area first-hand, such as Stan's famous spelunking and camping trips, various visits to Kent Falls, tubing trips at Satan's Kingdom, the Art Shop's trip to Lake Waramug, and the Photo shop's trip to Coney Island.

Other shops and departments took campers to performances in keeping with their interests. The Music Shed went on day trips to Tanglewood for classical music, and to the Falcon Ridge Folk Festival. The dance department took a trip to Jacob's Pillow for performances there. Campers were able to see theater at its best in a performance of Shakespeare's Henry IV in Lenox, Massachusetts. Finally, the Pub Shop took its campers to the National Poetry Slam Competition at Wesleyan University.

Probably the biggest trip of the summer was the CIT trip to the Lilith Fair. Those lucky enough to go saw performances by Tracy Chapman, Fiona Apple, Paula Cole, and Sarah McLachlan. Sadly, as was the case with many trips this summer, the forces of nature were not with the CITs, but the trip was still a success.

With respect to trips, Buck's Rock 1997 had something for everyone.

-BUCKSHOTS-



“I guess I’m still here because everywhere else
I feel like a misfit. Here, everyone’s a misfit.”

Joe Jackson.

Boys Annex



Boys House Down



Boys House Up



Boys Cabins Up & Down



August Boys



Girls House Down



Girls House Up



Girls Annex 1



Girls Annex 2



Girls Cabins



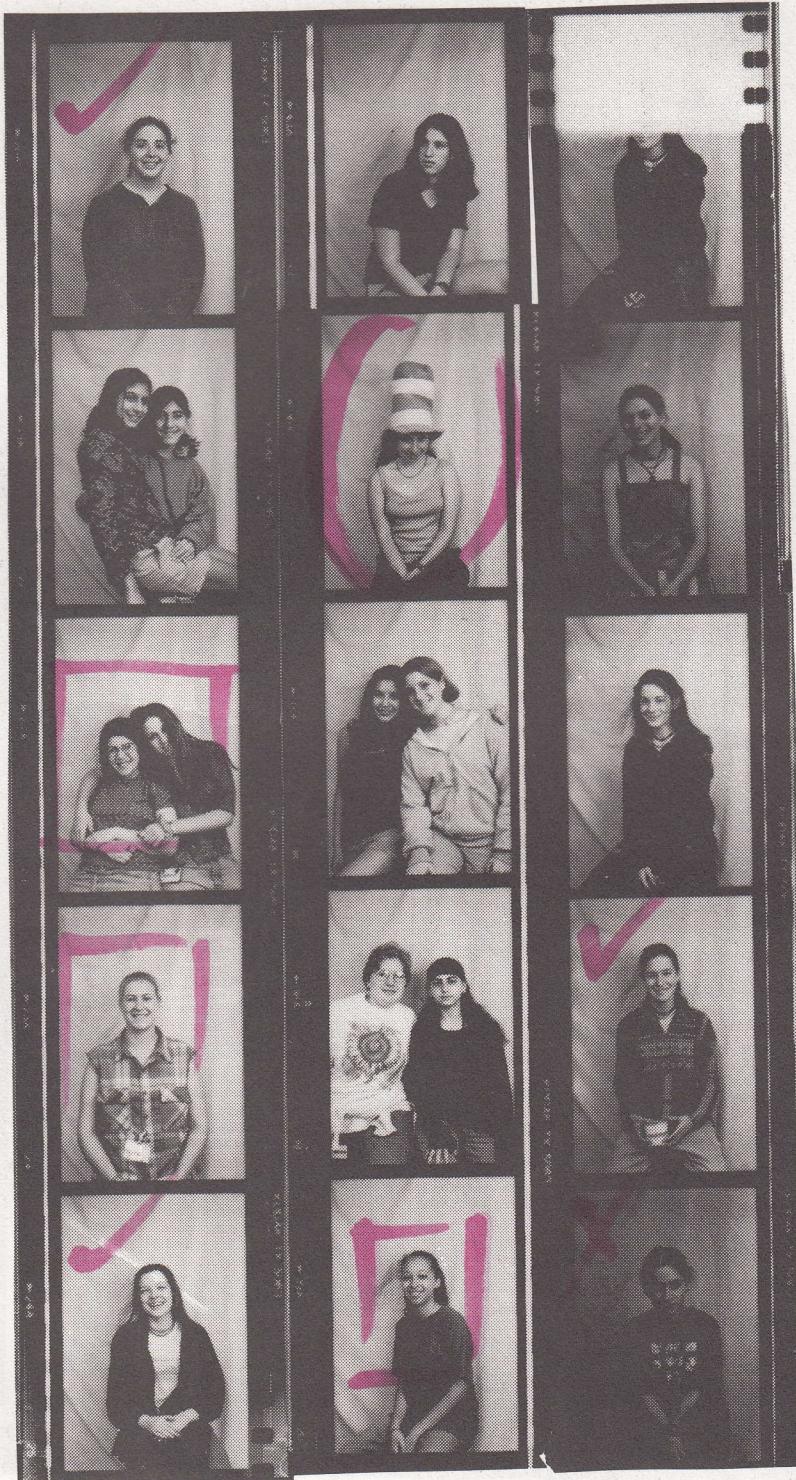
Girls Annex Cabins



Girls Terrace 1



Girls Terrace 2



CIT's



CIT's



JC's



August Girls



August Girls



Maintenance



Bog Squad

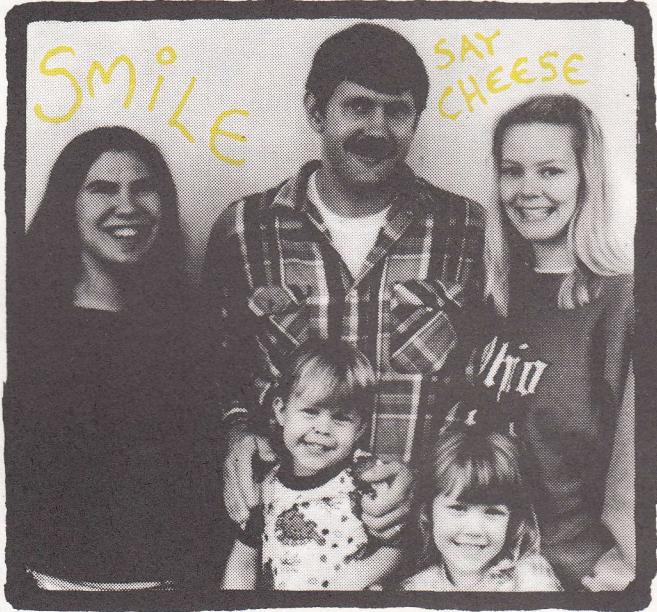


Kitchen Crew



we are the proud
wearing white aproned-crew
speckled with grease fudge & red sauce.
through framed windows
metal spoons dip into warm
stomach fill
lapping the glob
onto sweet styrofoam.
we are the proud
wearing plastic oversized gloves
folks slicing dicing can-opening mopping mixing frying on oven, chopping board & cement floor.
we the silent sweepers bakers pot washers are school teachers
computer experts
veterinarians
parents
artists judo experts business/economics students KFC veterans artists & swell beings.
we speak five languages.
different roots one family.
(and yes the desserts contain sugar).
eat drink & be merry.

Staff Families



Nurses



Office Staff



Missing Links



More Missing Links



Too Many Missing Links



This Is Ridiculous



- EDITORIALS -



“... Though it was really one laugh with a tear in the middle, I counted it as two.”

James M. Barrie.

Alex Rich

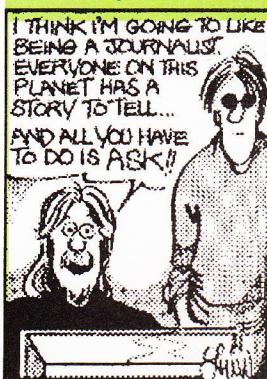
Editor-in-Chief

My fifth year here at Buck's Rock and look where it has brought me. Back in 1993, I never would have imagined that I would enter the Pub Shop, let alone become a CIT and then editor-in-chief of *Alchemy*. Summer 1995 was the year to discover my niche in the Pub Shop, but it was all too short. I was just another camper who did not intend to become a Pubbie, but nonetheless did. My decision to stay the full summer last year was one I was very pleased with -- not only did I get to work on the yearbook for my first time, but I also received the chance to get to know and love all aspects of the Publications Shop.

Returning this summer as a CIT (finally!), I was amazed at how truly different the experience is working in Pub when you are actually supposed to be working in Pub! It was a wonderful feeling when a camper or counselor would walk up to me and ask for my help, treating me like a full-fledged staff member. I really enjoyed helping people, whether on the newspapers, literary magazines or more recently the yearbook. 1997 was the year of learning about the great machines of the shop -- I still get a kick out of PMTing every time! It was a summer in which I not only took part in the writing process, but also participated in all of the steps following it. *CIT Words* was Katharine and my baby -- we edited, laid out and plated. I honestly believe that such work helped when yearbook time came around -- we had transformed a scattering of submissions into a fairly bulky publication which we were extremely proud of.

This summer would have been lacking in its laughs, activities and sheer amusement had it not been for many people. If I do leave you out and you feel that you should have been mentioned on this page, don't worry because now you have been mentioned. Think about it.

As for non-Pubbies who have made this summer wonderful in many respects, here goes: as always, the Animal Farm has served as a refuge from the daily chaos in Pub, so a big thanks goes to **Harriet** (Cousin Jackson), **Abby** and **Ilze**; I would like to thank my co-adopters **Sara** (bologna, I tell you!) and **Lauren** (28-8!?) as well as my kid goat **Charlie** and my goats of last summer, namely **Tippi** and **Lucy**. Thanks to the **Weaving Shop** (especially **Raquel Spiller**) for the great trip to Kent Falls, during which we saw those fabulous water shows (wink! wink!).

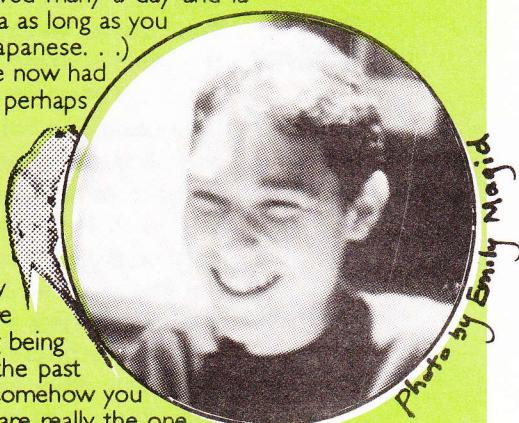


Ah, the Pub Shop! There's so much to say! First, I would like to applaud the excellent work of all the editors. You guys worked hard to meet deadlines, tried to make the book look as presentable as possible and hopefully had fun at the same time. **Blythee** (Vacuum Girl), as always, you are the queen of laughter in the Pub Shop, each of your ongoing tales ends in a contagious giggle and your armless figures brighten up many a program, publication or batik. And please don't surf, there is NO water! **Jeff**, Mr. Shrinkwrap, it was great to have you as my "little brother" for the summer and as much as you would like to believe it, my first name is not George! **Kevin**, my other "little brother", you were a Pubbie after my own heart, conquering the shop with your cartoons and newspaper articles (neonaticide!?). **Meredith**, Yentl Mylanta will always be your dream computer with or without a scanner, but remember, hysterical tantrums on the floor will not solve anything! **Katie and jena**, you two did a fantastic job copy-editing as did **Nick**, who made me a little upset when there was no mucking wheelbarrow reprise this summer. **Andrew**, I hope that I'm starting to lose my habit of talking like... **Lauren Gottlieb**, the photos are in! Calm down! Don't be schvitzing! You and I are the only ones who know how important babka is (it's gotta be Zabar's! Remember the babka poll?) **Heidi** (Hernia, Higher Dena), your back massages saved many a day and la

verdad es que yo nunca te salfa [en agua de urina] and, yes, you can call me Evita as long as you like. **Brett**, it was nice working with you as co-editors-in-chief (We are Japanese. . .) **Katharine**, you were a wonderful addition to the Pub Shop this summer. I have now had the chance to work with you in three hectic environments: the farm, Pub and perhaps most chaotic of them all, the mail room.

The Pub staff this summer was mainly composed of counselors who had never before worked in the shop, but this allowed me to get to know many new people -- in fact, I soon discovered that this was a very special group. The summer was filled with music and laughter, constant laughter. The personal jokes overflowed the tight confines of the shop, so it may be difficult for me to tackle them all. I'll do my best. **Amy** (Amsteronarooni), you quickly joined in on my yiddish ramblings (Oy Gavult!) and promoted some shocking revelations (You're Jewish? Stop! You're not from Florida!). **Joelle** (Jo-Jo), it was definitely interesting being your "whipping boy." **Marc**, I know you're expecting me to say . . . **Jon**, for the past three summers you have returned to Pub as a staff member I already know and somehow you always got me to do the cleanup for the other CIT's. **Shelley** (Conchita), you are really the one who taught me the basics to layout when you helped us with *CIT Words* -- the help itself will be something I will always be grateful for. **Emily Meg**, your belated return to Pub was one I was very happy about -- you can sing all you want in the dark room when I'm doing a PMT ("You'll just have to wait . . .") **Alice**, thank you for enlisting me on your excursion underneath the Pub Shop and for being the person who took my love for goats seriously. **Ian** (Cousin Haylock), you were the target of many jokes this summer, but still I think that your closeness to your family members is very nice. **Anna**, standby... **Kirsten**, one day I will be able to shrink wrap! **Mike**, your book looks great and I feel honored to know a future bestselling author. **Bob**, thank you so much for allowing me to be a part of the Pub staff this summer and for treating me as you would a counselor in this fantastic shop. I would also like to give a big thanks to **Ernst**, who created this camp that I have enjoyed for the past five years and who is a remarkable man with remarkable stories to be told.

Last but certainly not least are **my parents**, my sister **Megan** and (anyone who knows me well would have guessed this) my parakeet **Ricky**. For the past five summers I have tried new projects, attempted things I might never have done before and had a extraordinary time doing them. This summer was fabulous; I'm sorry to see it end so quickly. I want to send my gratitude out to everyone for making this a true summer to remember. Thank you.



Bartow Editor-in-Chief Kathleen

I'm sitting here at the final rehearsal of *Midsummer Night's Dream* thinking about how short the year has felt. I can't believe that I jumped from Snack Editor to Editor-in-Chief. I had a wonderful time as an editor on the yearbook, it was a great group of people that I got to work with. The play was the perfect one to end my career at camp on and, despite the fact that I rarely got into any other shops, I had a very fulfilled summer. I enjoyed everything that I did and I loved being a second year CIT. Now, the long awaited "thank you's"....

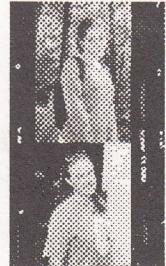
HEIDI, life was much more interesting having you sleep on the bed above me. Thank you for teaching me about the importance of chocolate, combs, laughing, food, dreams and friendship. Don't forget my wedding invitation, no matter how busy life gets! **NICK**, don't lose your invitation either. Thanks to you for listening. There was never a problem that I couldn't tell you, and it was nice to talk to someone with the same ideals as myself. In my opinion, you have exceeded above and beyond your potential (especially in your newspapers for Tibetan Yaks). **BRETT**, I couldn't have pulled off this yearbook without you. Despite my apparent anger, it was nice to know that someone cared when I was stressed. **ALEX**, thank you also for putting up with my 'intensity'. It was nice to have a kindred farmie at Pub. Thanks to **BRAD** for the loan of the middle name 'Grover'. To the **'PASS THE PIGS' POSSE**, thank you for interesting rest hours. Thanks **BLYTHE** and **MEREDITH** for working so hard to get everything layed-out on time. You knew the right times to be kind or sarcastic. **SAM**, thanks for the fries and for helping me out with my troubles. Thanks to **ERNE** for being such a great director. Thanks to **BARRY** for your secrecy (I hope this completes your 'Buck's Rock experience). As always, my love and endless appreciation to my family: **MOM**, **DAD**, **NANNY**, **GRAMPS**, **ANNA** and **MEL** (TED now too). **CASEY**, the cutest dog ever, I miss you whenever I'm not home. I'll always love you even if you never stop your 'destructive phase'. **GWEN**, **LAUREN** (s), **SARA**, **PIC**, **DOV**, **MAX**, **JAMES**, **ELIZA** (s), **DAN**, **KATIE** and my numerous other friends, you all added to the magic of this summer, thanks. Thank you to **AMY**, **MARC** and the **REST OF THE PUB STAFF** for working so hard and teaching me so much. (**SHELLEY**, mad snaps to you for all your support!) **ERNST**, thank you for creating this place where I can enjoy so much. **OWEN**, I'll never forget the countless times you made me laugh this summer. Only you would have put up so well with being whipped and kissed on stage. I promise that I will experience *They Might Be Giants* and ANY muppet movie the first chance that I get. To **ALL OF YOU** that actually read the entire page - thanks. Always remember, "When they give you lined paper, write the other way."

PS: Jeff Bobrick was in the hospital during the time that we were given the chance to change our addresses in the dining hall. His real address is: 315 East 68th St - Apt 6k, New York, NY, 10021; phone number: (212) 988-9845. Thanks.



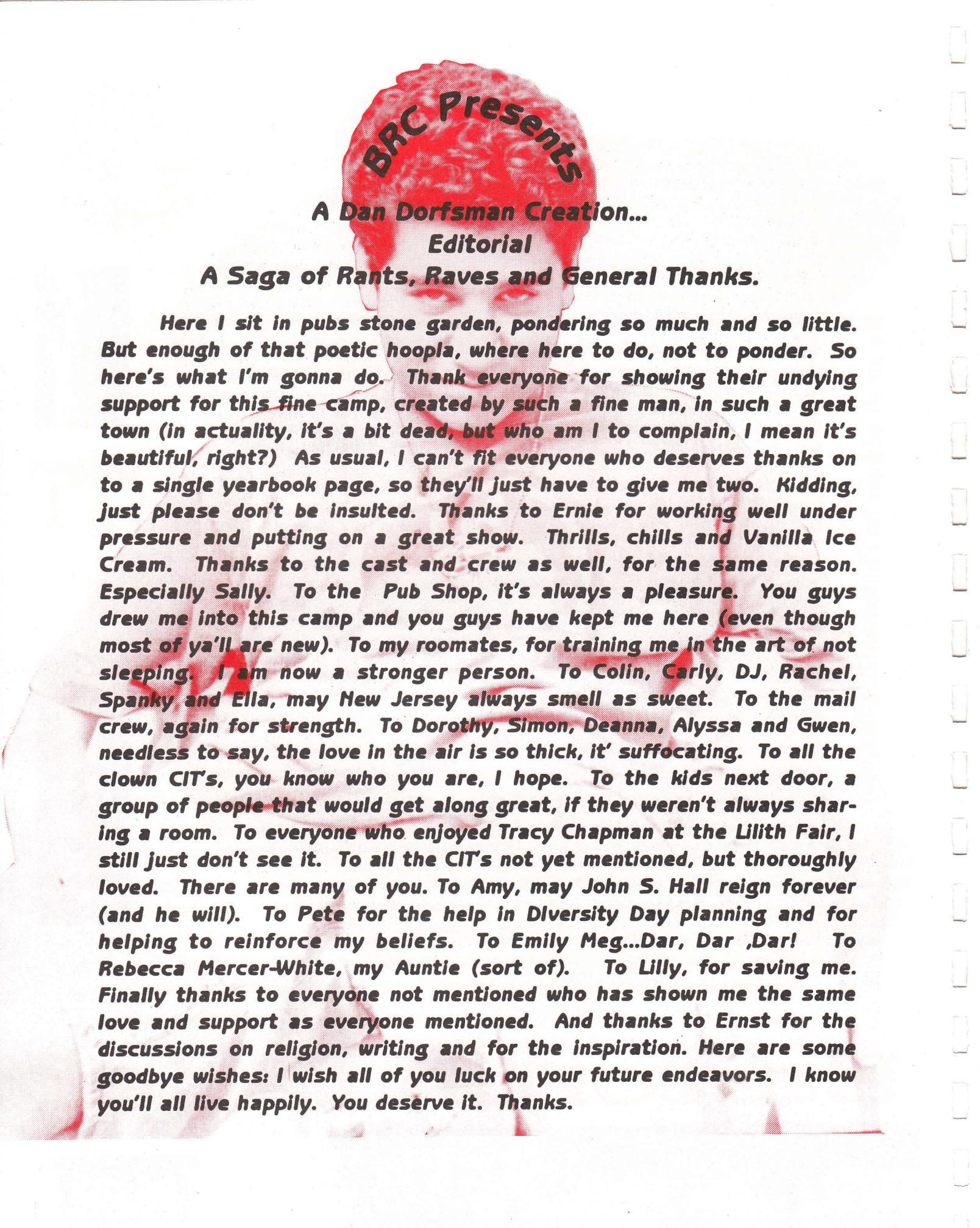
in the near future

RETT



Editor in Chief





BRC Presents

A Dan Dorfsman Creation...

Editorial

A Saga of Rants, Raves and General Thanks.

Here I sit in pubs stone garden, pondering so much and so little. But enough of that poetic hoopla, where here to do, not to ponder. So here's what I'm gonna do. Thank everyone for showing their undying support for this fine camp, created by such a fine man, in such a great town (in actuality, it's a bit dead, but who am I to complain, I mean it's beautiful, right?) As usual, I can't fit everyone who deserves thanks on to a single yearbook page, so they'll just have to give me two. Kidding, just please don't be insulted. Thanks to Ernie for working well under pressure and putting on a great show. Thrills, chills and Vanilla Ice Cream. Thanks to the cast and crew as well, for the same reason. Especially Sally. To the Pub Shop, it's always a pleasure. You guys drew me into this camp and you guys have kept me here (even though most of ya'll are new). To my roommates, for training me in the art of not sleeping. I am now a stronger person. To Colin, Carly, DJ, Rachel, Spanky and Ella, may New Jersey always smell as sweet. To the mail crew, again for strength. To Dorothy, Simon, Deanna, Alyssa and Gwen, needless to say, the love in the air is so thick, it's suffocating. To all the clown CIT's, you know who you are, I hope. To the kids next door, a group of people that would get along great, if they weren't always sharing a room. To everyone who enjoyed Tracy Chapman at the Lilith Fair, I still just don't see it. To all the CIT's not yet mentioned, but thoroughly loved. There are many of you. To Amy, may John S. Hall reign forever (and he will). To Pete for the help in Diversity Day planning and for helping to reinforce my beliefs. To Emily Meg...Dar, Dar ,Dar! To Rebecca Mercer-White, my Auntie (sort of). To Lilly, for saving me. Finally thanks to everyone not mentioned who has shown me the same love and support as everyone mentioned. And thanks to Ernst for the discussions on religion, writing and for the inspiration. Here are some goodbye wishes: I wish all of you luck on your future endeavors. I know you'll all live happily. You deserve it. Thanks.

Erin Lewy, Writing Editor Extraordinare

Okay, so I have this editorial to write. Well, in truth it isn't really an editorial, it's a page. Since I have no pressing issue to blow out of proportion and rant and rave about, I will use this space to tell you some stuff about me you probably don't know as of yet, ramble a little and quote and thank some people.

First, stuff about me. Note: Going through old editorials, I see none of this. Am I breaking new ground? Probably not.

Anyway, I am a writing editor, but you knew that already. I am also a supposed poet but I'll leave it up to you as to whether or not I can write. (See the lit section for my stuff....or not. You don't have to.) I think I'm not so bad, could be better.

I like music a lot and am currently obsessing over RENT: (There's only us / There's only this / Forget regret / Or life is yours to miss.). I love Ani DiFranco: (And God help you if you are a pheonix / And you dare to rise out of the ash / A thousand eyes will smoulder with jealousy / While you are just flying past.). Cinnabons, which are heavenly and extremely large cinnamon rolls, and White Wolf role-playing, particularly *Vampire: The Masquerade*. I also play *Mage: The Ascension* and am starting on *Wraith: The Oblivion* and a very cool new game not by White Wolf called *In Nomine*. Well, I will shaddup about me now and do the thank-you thang. Except it's not really just thank you's. That would be so very dull, you know. My Toreador alter-ego (White Wolf reference. See Vampire Player's Guide or just look around you at all the wonderfully artsy people here at Buck's Rock. Toreadors are artist-vampires who are sometimes stuck-up but cool to play. This place is full of potential Toreadors. Now, if I could just get you all hopelessly addicted to roleplaying...) would be ashamed. But now I will stop with the obscure references and do this, but thank-yous are boring, so I will try to make these cool.

Thank you to Alice O'Grady for reminding me about the yearbook meeting back on my first full day here when I could still actually get up in the morning for things like that. Don't get lost in the archives. Thank you to Amy Walter (I won't say anything about a clothing catalog) and Joelle Yudin for giving me stuff to do and just being cool. Thank you to the smart people who got Power PCs for the Pub Shop so that IBM people like me don't have disk problems from hell. Thank you to whoever was nuts enough to make me a full writing editor during my first summer here before I had even proven myself as a Pubbie. (Now I never leave. It's a cult, I tell you!) Thank you all for being cool and for giving me a big excuse to do writing here. I'm glued in place here at Pub, I think. I've even gotten used to the huge sound of the presses and the music (Yes! It's Beatles right now.) Now the "others." (Non-pubbies.)

Thank you to Karen Jones (NOOO!) for being you and especially for being cool to talk to and thanks to you and Sophie both for never bugging me while I am comatose in the morning. Carly (And bororor!), thanks for being an Ani fan, for never doing "random burnings," for never losing my CDs and by the way, your 'zine rocks! Alexis, thanks for putting up with me and my RENT obsession. Mimi, UNPACK!

Thanks to Tom for putting up with my music and me in general, helping me with maps and especially when I was sick and irritable. Dan Lewis, thanks for being the slave. You are the coolest running joke alive. (Living running jokes? What the hell goes on in my head? Don't ask me.) Jenna and Ellen, thanks for never making me go into GHU and good luck with the ceiling. Thank you to all of the people who blared RENT from their cabins, since my CDs are in Hilton 8 or something right now. Thank you to Ernst most of all, for this camp and all the great stuff it has done. Your speeches are wonderful and I enjoyed typing them and reading them. We are all very grateful for this wonderful place.

Good luck to you all, see RENT, listen to Ani and eat Cinnabons, the best food in the world, when you get home. They aren't in the Danbury mall and no, T.J. Cinnamon's is not the same—it is an imposter! Later!
— Erin





there are places where i have no voice, where i am unable to communicate because i have no means to do so. and there are places where my voice is strongest, where even the faintest hint of a whisper is heard by all. i would have to place buck's rock in this category; here is where i rarely fear that my words will be badly interpreted or misconstrued. i haven't always used my voice for good. i'll admit that there have been many occasions upon which i could have been less harsh, less judgmental. i've expressed myself in foolish ways and expressed emotions i didn't feel. on the other hand, i've learned what i actually feel, and i've become a bit better at saying the things that need to be said.

as an editor, i've been trying to strengthen the voices of others. one's grammar and word choice can enhance or detract from the message, as can the handwriting or typeface used to communicate a written message. to edit is to clarify the ideas of others, to bring out voices until they can stand alone. such is the way of the writer.

recently, i was inspired by a speech given to me by a friend of mine, to whom i should properly refer as my teacher. he spoke to me about how even the most cliched words have meaning when the come from the heart. even that message sounds a bit cliche, but at the times when the words come as haltingly as the lines of my palm, (my god, i'm quoting my own poem! how incredibly presumptuous! but there's really no better way to say it...) it's been the only way to keep myself going. as i try to explain my great love of this place, i keep those words in mind and tell myself that the words i am writing are not schmaltzy and trite.

there are so many people that i have to thank with that same voice, and hope that all of those whose names i don't mention will understand. yearbooks are things to read in the future and to look back upon the years that have passed. therefore, making an excessively long list of private jokes accomplishes nothing, because in the years to come, i'll remember none of them. instead, i'm just going to pour out all of the gratitude that has accumulated this summer.

to josh leven, the aforementioned teacher, for inspiring, teaching, comforting. to lauren menahem, liz nesoff, rachel tolin, and sara glaberson for listening to all of my obsessions and being amazing roommates. to lauren menahem for forgiving me so many times and learning to trust me again. to blythee for bringing me to pub last year. to skeeter gretzinger, jonah buchanan, dan bobkoff, jonathan kroll, adam schliff, josh leven, and scott simpson for being so huggable. i wanted to write something about cuteness to all my coupled friends, but it seems that every time i try to do so, somebody ends up breaking up and i'm starting to feel like it's my fault...to meredith fuhrman for letting me be the third to know . (oops, i slipped...a private joke...) to scott simpson for simply being scott. to all of my other friends and bunkmates (sorry i forgot about you) for the many hugs, the love, and everything else. to my counselors, iveslys figueroa and andrea jusova, as well as numerous assists, for everything from pizza parties to comfort. to a great number of clowns for laughing both at and with me. to each and every one of the twenty-something other editors, especially my coeditors katie tabb and annie rosenzweig, for keeping me sane, for being amazing people and great friends, and for sharing my workload. to brett kizner, katharine bartow, and alex rich for trusting me enough to give me a job and for being good bosses without being too bossy. to the pub staff for all of the constructive criticism. to my parents for creating me. to ernst bulova, jon metric, mickey morris, and laura morris for all you've given to this place.

i have a couple of last things to say, because i'd love to hear from everybody. first, my email address is gemoflight@aol.com. second, my house has two phones, and if you're going to call me, you should call this number before trying the one listed in the directory: (718) 858-6291.

love,

Jena
jena barchas lichtenstein, copy editor

Anne (Annie) Rosenzweig

In a way, all of the people here at Buck's Rock practice alchemy. All of us, throughout our daily lives, try to take the extraneous and ordinary and transform it into something that gives life a little more significance and beauty for us. At Buck's Rock, we live in an atmosphere where we are not only free to, but also encouraged to take the mundane and build something a little more distinctive out of it. Through this reconsideration of the common, we gain new eyes with which to view the world around us, and then are able to observe the world in ways which were impossible for us beforehand. This whole session has been, for me, a lesson in gaining new perspectives and a new awareness of the world around me - not only through other people but also through photography, through painting, through ceramics, and, most importantly, through editing. When you edit someone's piece of work, you learn how to find a stronger voice to express what the writer is trying to convey. If the writing is effective, by the time you have finished reading it you will have an added slant to your perspective. That's why I love this yearbook and have loved being an editor on it.

I could not possibly thank everyone I want to thank on this page, so I'll have to limit myself to a few. I'd like to start with thanking **everyone in pub**, especially the chief editors **Brett, Alex, and Katharine**, and **Katie and Jen**, my fellow copy editors - thanks for showing a new person the ropes here. It was a great experience working with all of you. Next come my roommates **Julia, Anna, and Rachel**, to whom I owe my everlasting gratitude for bearing with me on those days when I was going crazy. You guys deserve a medal! **Rachel** - keep up the ballroom dancing, I send love vibes all over Simsbury. By the way, did you know that you snore? And stop putting your legs over the bed railing into my face! **Julia** - TAMSG lives on! You've been the greatest confidante this summer - I'm going to miss our late night chats. You'd better write to me, or I'll become very angry. I'm waiting for you to move to Brookline so we all can hang out together. Next time I'm in NYC, I'm giving you a call. I love you.

Anna - when we get home, we've got to raid Victoria's Secret together. Remember our competition over you-know who. "Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow?" Thank you so much for all the great support, great listening, great advice, and great music. Call me! Oh yes, **Maverick Topo** - you're the best husband a girl could have.

Alexis, tu me manque. Je vais t'écrire pendant l'année prochaine. Si je voyagerai en France l'été prochain, je vais te téléphoner. Je t'aime. (Did I mess that up?) **Josh**, it was

great getting to know you this summer. I'm going to miss your back massages. You're a great person - stay yourself. **Martha**, I'd just like to tell you how much I enjoyed our conversations, and really wish I could have gotten to know you better. **Gabbie**, what can I say? You were like an older sister to me this session, only without the rivalry and fighting. I'll miss you. Thanks for all our pre-bed chats. **Leah** -

I'm not sure what to say here as I'll be seeing you again, either at BHS or at another camp. I've enjoyed our long walks together, and we've got

to make another pilgrimage in Brookline, this time to Harvard Square. I'd also like to thank **everyone down in sculpture** for putting up with my rantings and ravings - especially **Jacob and Charlie**.

Charlie, thank you for everything, especially for listening at various times. You've almost changed my opinion of the British! (Just kidding).

When I first came here for second session, I wasn't sure that I was going to like it at all. Once I met some people, and became an editor for the yearbook, and discovered some of my other interests, however, I fell in love with this place. The trust that the faculty has in the campers to discover their own interests and the flexibility it provides are what made Buck's Rock such a great place for self discovery. Even if I never come back here, I will never forget this summer. Good memories are priceless.

Love, Anne Rosenzweig (Copy Editor)

email: Lcrtaxes@msn.com (all lower case)

phone: (617) 731-7700 PLEASE KEEP IN TOUCH!



Katie Tabb (Copy)

"I wanted to sell out, I wanted to try but you know that the sky got too low, and the ocean got too high, and I had to take God into my own hands..."

Dar Williams

I'm writing this at twelve-thirty Saturday night, editorials are due Sunday... that's *so* me. It's been a great summer, as it always is, though very quick-- my month here always seems to go in a second... I do feel like I've done a lot so far, even though it's only the second week, with *The Crucible*, various projects, and of course the yearbook. I've met lots of new people, too, which at Buck's Rock I've found is always worth the effort. I hope you had as wonderful a summer as I did, though yours is over now, probably, and I'm only half finished.... But mine was certainly great-- full of busy excitement and discovery, alchemy perhaps. Maybe it goes so quickly because the days and nights weld together, dream-like, into one long moment.... When I get home I am always so disoriented, just waking up from something I would give anything not to leave.... **WOW** I'm getting depressing! 'K, I'll stop rambling and just say thank you, which I guess is what I was trying to say in the whole above paragraph... Big thanks to everyone who made my summer magic, and if I don't know you, got to know you in the second two weeks, or just forgot you (DOH!) please feel free to make up something overly poetic that I would say and add it on at the bottom of the page....

SO THANK YOU.... To my great roommates who let me turn our room into a garbage dump-- **Gillian** (Super girl) thanks for being just as hyper as me! **Nicole** I know you took my oozle... but I love you anyway, **Kate** you're a wonderful dreamer... don't lose those dragons! The Fieldstonites... **Rae** and **Sarah** I really enjoyed seeing you in a different atmosphere where all three of us are more ourselves, I think... and **Jewels**, it was so amazing getting to know you better... you're beautiful inside and out, don't forget it.... And all those just incredibly amazing people that I love... **Katharine** I'm so glad I got to know you better this year-- you're really are wonderful. Good luck finding **Bowed!** **Joey** See you soon at a dinofry convention I hope? Good luck on the book, **STUFF** yourself with chocolate, and don't feel alone.. **Alex** K Thanks for being patient as I stumbled around on my guitar... you really are brilliant. **Josh** and **Nick** both of you, thanks for the confidence boosts. You're both wonderful, and I hope all your dreams come true. **Pic** thanks for all the smiles and lip gloss fight. **Leah**, **Sara**, **Stacy** and **Becky** Thanks for being yourselves, and being strong for me when I needed you, staying up until four in the morning with me, and just being cool-ass people! I love you guys! **Becca**, not much chess this year, but that's ok. I love you anyway. Always in all ways, right? And of course all of you Pubbish people... It's finally done! It was a huge pleasure working with all of you incredibly creative people, all artists of some sort... especially **jena** and **Annie**, you guys are great! It was really fun working with you again **jena** and getting to know you, **Annie**. And of course **Marc** you're not a corn flake unless I'm a bug girl, 'k? I love you so much, and will miss you next year if you don't come back, I know it's the right thing for you to do but you're the bestest big brother in the world and I love you. And **Brad**, what's to say? the moments when you weren't whisked away by evil theater spirits were as wondrous and magical as always-- thanks for helping me see the stars, I love you. And last but of course not least thanks to my parents for, well, everything, though right now what passes through my head is going out for real food and buying bags of junk food... Thanks for understanding me.

Love you all,
Dream of the Stars

KATIE

Oh, please E-Mail me, even if I don't know you! KTABB324@aol.com

"Wise is she who knows she does not know..."





LAUREN GOTLIEB

Photo editor

Okay, so I've been sitting here for days already, agonizing over what to write for my editorial. I've changed my mind over and over again, as the garbage pail in my bunk, filled to the top with crumpled paper, will testify. At one point, I was thinking of saying something sentimental about how my Dad went here when he was a boy and how I've followed in his footsteps by coming here for five summers and becoming a Photo CIT just like him. I had considered elaborating on the subject of my family's legacy at Buck's Rock, describing the many wonderful summers my uncle, my cousins and my brother have spent here as well. I was going to impart my feelings on how deeply this camp has touched me as a person and how so many of my happiest memories are of times spent here. I had even planned to discuss why this summer has been a truly special one for me and the reasons that being a yearbook editor was such an amazing experience. But then I decided that no one likes an overly emotional and flowery editorial page and that it would be best just to skip to thanking those people whose friendship and guidance I have been especially privileged to have and for which I am most profoundly grateful...

First and foremost, I want to thank the entire Photo staff: **Martha** for our late nights with Ella Fitzgerald which I will never forget, **Emily B.** for understanding my desperate need to have her hair, **Ben** for always making me laugh and being so patient during my nervous breakdowns in the darkroom, **Adriane** for everything especially the MooShu on the light table, **Rachel** for taking the only decent pictures I have of myself (including the one on this page), **Jon** for printing all of our similar Coney Island photos before me (JK) and for congratulating me on every occasion, and **Emily M.** for being just as excited to get lost in Westchester as I was. You have all taught me so much and inspired me not only as a photographer, but as a person as well.

Being a CIT this summer was one of the best and most remarkable experiences I have ever had at camp. I have made many amazing new friends this summer among the CITs (all of whom are naturally awesome) who I want to thank. I am sincerely indebted to my bunkmates: **Gwen, Katharine, and Heidi**, for making this one a most interesting and "educational" summer (I don't usually put balloons on toothbrushes). From capturing life threatening insects to helping me sanitize our room (we're the spiffy bunk), you guys have really been there for me. I would like to thank everyone in my posse: **Lauren** "I enjoy having ants up my shorts and you should too" **Mirsky** for never doubting I would overcome my fear of bugs, **Sara** "I made a blanket in seventy-two hours" **Frolik** for letting me sit on her lap during the shower pictures, **Alex** "Yentil Mylanta" **Rich** for always believing in Babka and letting me name his goats, and **Andrew** "teach me German profanity in the darkroom" **Merells** for finding me so intense and being one of the sweetest guys I have ever known. We've all shared so much laughter between us, I can't imagine this summer without you guys. And, of course, in thanking my fellow CITs I must thank **Jon** "set my watch by the prime meridian" **Parley** for being my long time friend and letting me dunk him on the tubing trip, **Terrill**, and **Lora** for being great counselors. Thanks to **Luis** for freezing himself for me (I won't forget to defrost you) and to the other assists for all of our fun tennis court snacks.

Over the five summers I've spent here, I've made so many wonderful people whose friendships I will always treasure: to **Rachel Spiller** for giving the best hugs, **Vanessa Henke** for exuding such great advice, **Alana Clements** and **Michele Traub** for sharing Emma and Sandy with me, for being best roomies and best friends. Thank you to all families past and present for all our good times, to **Todd** for being my hero always, to **Roger** for making me famous, to **Raphi** for finding my Lilith ring under the Photo shop porch, to **Blythe** for being the oldest thirteen-year-old I know, to **Marion** for not letting me be afraid of falling off, to **Stephanie, Sara and Jamie** for being awesome co-adopters of the adorable Randy and Robin. Each of you hold special places in my heart.

Finally, I want to thank my family: **Rick**, my brother, for sharing three incredible summers here with me, for looking after his sister and never failing to amaze me, **Shelly** and **Grandma** for writing to me, visiting me, and always being there (even when I call collect), **Mom and Dad** for instilling in me the morals by which I live and for allowing me the opportunity of a lifetime-- to return here each summer. I hope I have made you proud. I love you. And to **Ernst**, for inspiring generations with your words, wisdom, and spirit of freedom, thank you.

To those of you who I have not thanked by name...If you have read this far into my editorial, you must mean as much to me as I mean to you.

Keep in touch.

Lauren

"But of course it isn't really goodbye, because the forest will always be there...And anybody who is friendly with bears can find it." --A.A. Milne "Winnie the Pooh"

LAY OUT OKAY
Lauren

spork #1

Kids, don't try this at home...

This is
a reference
to Hair

Nick Nutt Photo/Las Vegas Review-Journal

When the moon is in the seventh house, and Jupiter aligns with Mars, the age of
Niels is drawn upon the land! Welcome to my editorial!

"Treasures WILL be clapped!"

卷之六

contrary
to popular
belief; these are
leaves not
sky

This is
me trying.

And now the infamous THANK YOU'S. Dun... Dun... Dun... If you've forgotten to thank you, please inform me, and I will send Kitten after you, and it will become a moot point. First: Thank you Katherine for always being there to talk, never leaving me to my potential, the Tibetan Yak and the Victoria's Secret packages.

"So long and thanks for all the fish."

• **Deutsche Alaman**

Flannel.
It's a good
thing.

Thanks be unto Becky for never being run over by a elephant, I didn't know what I'd do. Thank you Pic & Dow for food, advice, & light as well as Owen, Matt, and Eliza for never suspecting me of stealing away your children. Thank you Heidi for your wonderful random tangos, and thank you all Clown, Video, and Metal CTT's (especially Max, James, Louie and Sara) for being yourselves and always putting up with me. Thank you also to Jake and Eliza B for being so damn gullible. Thank you and bay bay bay to Brad, Katie, Rae, Micheal, Brett, Joe, Marc, Jared, Ausello, the Pass the Pig crew, and especially Glen the pubescent female Grasshopper. Thank you also to my goddeesses (you know who you are). 

Spark #2

"The wildest hath not such a heart as you."

-A Midsummer's Night's Dream

The forthcoming passage is sappy and then factor stupid. Skip it if you want. I've had a wonderful summer, and I love everyone here, and ... Wait a minute! No I don't! I hate this place! I found a frozen praying mantis in my fish stick! Die! Die!

Um, yeah. Err, uh huh. Next on page 42: **NORMALITY**

— Another
Hitchhiker
reference!

BANGI

BANG!

Or maybe not.

mysneakers

in case you hadn't

— that's
me
dying!

AN ODE TO PUBBIES

(Or Alexisms and Other Endearing Terms)

by Meredith Fuhrman

When I first heard of Pubs, an image of one of those bars came to mind; you know, the loud, noisy places filled with lots of people with seemingly inebriated senses of humor who believe that they have a certain jurisdiction over everything. As it turns out, it's not that far off from the truth. In the beginning, I was quite perturbed to discover that I fit in here perfectly. But now, I am proud to say that I am a full fledged Pubbie and have officially become One Of Them. Initiation was grueling: once we learned to use QuarkXpress, we then had to learn how to turn over control of the mouse to others. But I passed. Not with flying colors, mind you, but by enough to become a fairly respected Art/Layout Editor. My true domain where I have all power (under the watchful eye of overgrown but lovable Pubbie-counselors) is my computer. Although it has not scanner, nor right mouse button, and no unpossessed disk drive, it is still all mine. Here I lay out and artify creations of others and attempt to produce a decent legacy of the camp life here in Buck's Rock. My time here in Pubs (correct me, people, and die) was well spent, or so they'd have you think. For Pubs was a place where so many inside jokes were born, the majority being so inside, the public dare not look. For my first year here at Buck's Rock, my summer pretty much rocked. (I'm sorry, I know that was corny. It was too easy.)

From here on, this is pretty much a compilation of various private jokes from both pubbies and non-pubbies alike. But they're probably still kind of funny from the outsider context.

Alex, I decided that you should be first because of the sheer bulk of idiocies shared in front of Yentl Mylanta and because I need to know how much space I can allot to all of the others. We had a cross-cultural thing going on: from Yiddish (oy gevult) to Spanish (Ai, es mas bonita! and what ever the hell you were singing) to German (Danke Schoen) to Mid-Eastern, Bosnia, Muslim (how I look, according to you) to Miscellaneous (Yahuh, Oh Mylanta). I want the fat people. Oh, by the way the font is 9.752.

Jena, I'm glad that you could help obsess over my crush, and by the time you read this, who knows what will have happened? Yes, I know you're kidding, okay? Jamie, I AM a virgin...never had an abortion..wait, Armen, what should his name be? I promise that you'll be the third to know! And of course, there's this guy...

Rae, you've been the best. I will always treasure our talks about love, existence and life. Be strong and always read. I owe you my undying gratitude.

Leah, I'd write you a long one, except that I know that most of it will be censored!! Dan had to learn one way or another didn't he? Midnight mud masks, dancing and those conversations will be remembered.

Brett. Under your tutelage, I've honed my sarcasm and have brought it to an entirely new level, because sarcasm makes the world turn, after all. I'm grateful that you checked up on me and made sure I was still sane and sarcastic and I appreciate you taking most of my b.s., but I still really need a scanner...

To Sara, Michael and Armen, I just wanted to thank you for some great times. Sara, I appreciate you helping me through the first week. Michael, telling everyone that they left us is more impressive. Armen, may your sex plan come true and may your butt never have to touch the ground.

Blythe, you have been the coolest co-editor in the world! Never lose your sense of humor, or your ability to withstand my weirdness ("Hysteria Upon the Floor," ring a bell?). I'm beginning to understand why everyone calls you "incoherent." If you haven't figured it out yet, you'll never know because, in truth, I loved tormenting you!!! :)

Catherine, you're a terrific editor. Power to the women of Art/Layout. Dancing and running in the rain was a lot of fun and I'm glad you were able to give up power over the mouse for me!

Amy: thank you for dubbing me GAP girl and I had fun on the poetry trip.

Jon: BEAN. I'm sorry, I know this annoys you. Thanks for teaching me Quark!!!

Kirsten, I don't know about you but I love the smell of ash.

Lauren's the coolest. (Obligatory.)

Nick, I'm not high on crack, caffeine or sugar. Just those permanent markers.

Joelle, thank you so much for beating me into the gravel, and for calling me random, obscene names.

To my bunk, thank you so much for letting me sleep in most mornings, and those weird times in the bunk.

Marc, If you ever buy a Ford Taurus, call me.

Since everyone else mentioned Ermst, I figure I should, too. (What can I say? I'm a follower.) You have my eternal gratitude for creating this summer haven filled with people just as neurotic as myself. I look forward to next year, and I have no doubt that'll surpass this year in greatness.

OBY the Sheldon Art and Layout Editor

This was my third summer (and my third yearbook!) and every year, it seems to get better and better. Art and layout has been lots of fun, from scanning and streamlining at the beginning to laying out the finale and editorials at the end. Now, I'm going to talk about Pub Shop; it's a magical place that smells like ink (and photo chemicals), plays techno-Brit-pop (and Janis Joplin, Bob Marley, and Live), has cool counselors, and awesome 'regulars.' Thank you Pub.

And it's that time again, that time when you're sitting in your car going home (waaaaaaaah), reading this, and you notice that there are lots of names and random jokes and you think your name might be here. If I forget you, I'm so terribly sorry. You shouldn't feel bad; I made a new invention: the white box. In this box you can write your name and then feel happy again (if you were feeling...not...so...happy). 10 Room '97 You all 'kick' and waking up in the morning was so fun—especially conversations with Titi, Piggy, Chica, Blackie, BJ, and "Ahhhh it's too cold, too cold!" and the picture of the names. We danced around the room, screamed lyrics to every song, made mixes, had sleepovers (we're going to bed early...) and talked. A fun time was had by all. Love ya! Alex, well, you made it!! No llora por mi, Argentina. La verdad es que yo nunca te salia. And I stole this role from Patty, that's because she is a fatty.

Righteeeeo. Wanna see my birdhouse? No, Lucy's my goat. It's Ricky's house. Hi Ricky. Hi Charlie. Yentl Mylanta. Danksachen. Yentl, you're such a Yenta! PMTING made easy. There is no water...we are the eats. Katharine, we laid out stuff and we are now the women of art and layout, thank you. Thanks for telling me stuff. WHOAH! Pub staff, if I could give presents of thank yous, you'd have them filling Pub so that you couldn't walk in and you'd have them filling up underneath Pub too. Thanks for teaching me all I know about layout and for printing all those drawings. From story time to P.M.T sizing and stories about 'stuff,' thank you. Heidi, you're so funny!!! Aren't you glad I dragged you into Pub? Meredith, the best co-editor on Earth! We did it. YAY! Sarcasm makes the world turn. And remember, I was there when you fell on the floor laughing and couldn't get up. Bob, yabob! Your dancing

for memoirs is so funny! Anne, you were a good assistant. Mike, your book is incredible. Jonny, you are very cool and the drawing game is so funny! Kirsten Story time! Police Man Dan. Look at the fire trucks. The Incredible Shrinking Violet. What's that on your face? Ashes. Dirt. Amy, we dance around and watch each other be hyper. You were a great assist. Emily Meg J Crew Jew and collages. Whenever I walk in J Crew from now on I'll start laughing. Sing through the dark room all you want. Dar and her guitar and sleeping through your sunglasses. Joelle, you are so cool and it was fun to watch you dance around and 'whip' us all. Ian I have the funk, Cousin Haylock. Congrats on the New Milford 8. You are dedicated to Pub. Britpop. Alice, the archive queen. Anna, buckets of thanks, you taught me Quark! You're an amazing glassblower. Andrew, who knows what you said about me in your editorial but I can sit wherever I want in the auditorium, mind you. Okay, so I was too hyper. I forgot to make my bed, I ate Pringles instead. Camp smells. Trees are at camp. Pine is a tree. Pine is fresh. Camp is fresh. Rachel Spiller I love you, you're so cool!!! Adriane, finally, I spelled your name right. I stepped foot in photo! You're awesome and it was funny hearing stories about your family. Girl's Annex 1 (and assists) you are the best group of people ever. Lil EMS. That's so weird. Meredith and Colleen, the best house counselors ever! Barrie, Celia, and Ali. It was so fun being with you! When are they going to show Ferris Bueller's Day Off? Rocky Horror...Brett, thanks for teaching me more layout (and almost all the other programs on the big layout computer) and PMTING (not to easy) and just being here. You haven't completely conquered Pub...yet. But you probably will. I can turn on the scanner. WHOAH. Nick Weist, TMBG rules and so do sporks. It was cool meeting you. Katie You were an awesome copy editor and you're just plain awesome. Oozle is so cute! Tarot cards and Goldfish with smile faces. And Beanie Baby platypuses. Brad, here is where I mention you =) Jamie and Catherine, you are both cool. Catherine, aerobics. Hahaha. Marc, macaroni will never be the same and armless people who slap themselves won't either. The comic. Many thankies. Holly and the Batik staff, you are all so cool!!! Shelley, it was fun working with you and you're just cool and you're in charge now (Shelley in charge of our days and our nights...) Jeff, a great production editor and layout helper for newspaper. King of Gooey. Kevin, preppie as an art form. Three Laurens and Sara. You are all really cool, you're fun to hang out with, and there is no water. Thanks for almost always saving me a spot at lunch or dinner. Weaving Staff, we went to see the water shows at "Kent Falls". Eliza, it was great meeting you and it's been fun. Jena, your hair and all that stuff that you tell me. Nick Himmel, no lightning rods for you. Just kidding. Mom and Dad I love you and thanks for sending me here! Ernst, you're a brilliant man and thank you for creating Buck's Rock.



BECKLEKER NICHT MEIN...

5 years is a wonderful amount of time to spend at Buck's Rock and that is just what I have done. In a very special way, I have grown up at Buck's Rock and it is part of me. I was sculpted here. I was molded here. I was cast, glued, and soldered here. My seams were sewed here. I was hammered, chiseled, wove and imprinted here. I've been hung; I've dyed; and I've blown. Now if that isn't a full experience, then my name isn't Andrew Merelis. And it is. If you want to know the story of how I found myself at Buck's Rock in 1993, then look in the 1996 yearbook at my editorial. I shall not list my achievements and projects because that matters little in the scheme of things. What is more important is the people that have given Buck's Rock the atmosphere that is so conducive to learning, growing, and the insect population. There are those that have done things for me that have wonderfully altered the course of my life, and in return, at least for now, all I can do is thank them on this page. So, the little I can do, I must.

In Order of Appearance:

Ernst..... He was here first. Perhaps one of the most inspirational yatta yatta yatta. We all know about Ernst. And he knows about all of us. Enough said. **My Parents**..... Well, you had me. You raised me. And you worked hard to send me to Buck's Rock. For all these things, I am forever in your Debt. Someday, hopefully, I can take care of you when you are old and ugly and feeble and smelly and cranky. It's a wonderful society. Else. It was great to get to know you all over again, now that we both have fully developed personalities. Try not to spread around the picture of us together as infants too much. **Alex Rich**..... You were the first person I met the first summer I came to Buck's Rock five years ago. We never spoke at all after the first day, but this summer I have gotten to know you a bit, and it feels like everything has come full circle. **Becky Drysdale**..... Some day (soon) when you are famous, I will use this yearbook as proof that I knew you and you knew me so I can get into places for free. But seriously, even though you were only 17 and 18, you have been a role model to me and were one of the most inspiring and influential people that I have ever met these past two summers. You complete me. You had me at hello. Help me help you. Show me the money. (Rant much? I do.) Working with you last summer is one of those experiences I will never forget, and even though I saw you little this summer, you opened my eyes to paths that I didn't know I could take. **THANK YOU.** **James Granger**..... I hope some day I can look up at the stars and see you there. Pursue your dreams. You have some damn fine ones. I hope your flight is co-ed, though, because if not, then I don't know what you'd do with your hormonal urges. (Pon Farr perhaps?) **Brad Raimondo**..... Few others can comfort me with a dose of analysis as you can. I hope you hang your hat in some wonderful places in the future. Oh, and your impression of me is both admirable and disturbing. But just remember, I will always out-rank you. **Scott Simpson**..... You'll always be "Scott the Dot." When you are 78 years old with 4 whiny grandchildren running around and your ugly old wife screaming at you in the old home during re-runs of Bob Barker's "The Price is Right," I will show up and call you "Scott the Dot." You will proceed to hit me with your cane. It'll be great. You go to Blythe's school. She has a cool name. **Peter Licata**..... Of all the things I could say about you, the one thing that would ring most true is that we've kept things interesting for four years. You are one of the funniest people I know, and even though sometimes we didn't act like it in the heat of a bunk battle, it is true that I respect you as an actor, artist, clown, and person. **Jonathan Edward The Lion Rachmanin Esquire The First**..... You are unique. You are a pot of boiling over intelligence and wit. You can be anything. You can be charming, crazy, frightening, serious, informative and bizarre at any given moment without a second thought. Some day I hope to see your name in lights. Or perhaps on the front of the warhead that finally ends the reign of humanity on the planet. Or perhaps as number forty-something on the list that includes James K. Polk at number 11. **Dov**..... You are a true Renaissance man. Too bad you missed your era. The Renaissance was a couple hundred years ago. But it seems you are doing pretty well with the 1990's so far. Love the Fro. **Jon Metric**..... It's not just a name. It's an attitude. And a system of measurement. It also pertains to distance. It is also METRICAL in the noun form. It is also a geometric function having properties analogous to those of the distance between points on a real line. Your Greek root is "Metrikos," which is of or relating to measuring. See METER. **The Zeltzers**..... Your parents must be very proud... or amazed... or horrified. I know I am. Wait. That didn't come out right. You guys are the best. Especially Joe. (Everyone's got a favorite Zeltzer. Until this summer, mine was "Flavor Flav Zeltzer.") **Lauren Gottlieb**..... Follow your heart. It is a good one. It is a pure one. It will lead you well. God forbid you should ever need heart surgery some day after a heart attack, the doctors will be very confused when they find that your heart is made of solid gold. High quality gold too. (I know there was a much more tactful way of presenting that, but you get the gist.) **Louis Pearlman**..... you are the man, even though you are Canadian. Have you ever noticed how you carry a ray of sunshine? You might want to get some detergent for that. **Lauren Mirsky**..... I hope your philosophy guides you well. Thank you for listening to mine. You may be just an individual earthling in an inconceivably gigantic universe, but you sure do matter a lot to me. **Katharine Bartow**..... My Printing Press this summer was named after you. "Katrina." And it was for good reason. You are both reliable, understandable, and sweet. Especially when you get all linked up with enough etch and a good plate. You are very talented, and in 40 years, I will expect you to recite the list of 10 things you had to remember in the memory game. **Haley Tanner**..... You are so much fun. Even when I'm in a bad mood, when I see you, you radiate happiness onto me. We are talking heavy radiation. You'll probably give me prostate cancer in 50 years if I hang around you enough. If I don't, then I'll probably be missing you. **Abby Levin**..... At the end of the summer of 95, you said that I would never see you again. That weirded me out. Nobody ever said that to me before and meant it and it changed my perception of reality. You further destroyed my grasp on the real world when you showed up in 96. You did the same thing to me this summer. You know that you and I were destined to be together forever. Or not. **Emily Brochin**..... You are one of those people. One of those people who have a glowing aura around you in which one can see joy and love. Your warmth is contagious. Thank you for infecting me when I needed it. **Marc Richter**..... A wonderful balance of child and adult, heavy on the child. A man to be respected. I know I respect him. I said I wouldn't mention his lack of hair. Ops. **Laura Millendorf**..... My anchor. You know I love you. After Brad Raimondo, you are Buck's Rock's most talented and amazing actress. (Yea, Brad is the best Actress.) **Lily Thom**..... You are a wonderful person rolled up in a little package. I think that's great. You fit with the modern push for econo-size things. **Owen Polndexter**..... Forever you will be "Woody" to me. **Max Bean**..... I hope someday you become a world famous discus thrower. **Theodora Sugar Daddy Phillips**..... You crazy bastard. What can I say about you? You have... big eyes. **Ya Bob**..... You do good work. You were a good teacher. It was a pleasure working a press for you. **Erica Baumgart**..... Happy Shopping. **Jon Levy**..... you Lush! **Jon Farley**..... MEAT! **Peter Strauss**..... Thank you for being understanding in times of strife, even if I was late to Clown a bit more than a few times. You have worked hard and it has paid off. **Kenwyn**..... Do you really need a last name?



Sara Frolik..... I've known you longer than anyone else. It was great to get to know you all over again, now that we both have fully developed personalities. Try not to spread around the picture of us together as infants too much.

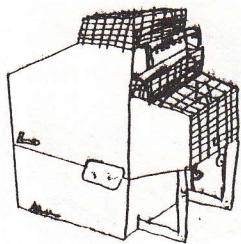
ANDREW MERELIS - PRODUCTION - CLOWN C.I.T.

If I forgot you, then go cry about it. There are others I could mention, but frankly, my darling, I don't have the space. If you REALLY feel left out, then write your own name on my page. And to everyone, have wonderful lives!

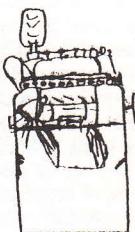


IF MAN WAS THE ONLY INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE, THAT WOULD BE AN INCREDIBLE WASTE OF SPACE.

Andrew Merelis
MERELIS@JUNO.COM



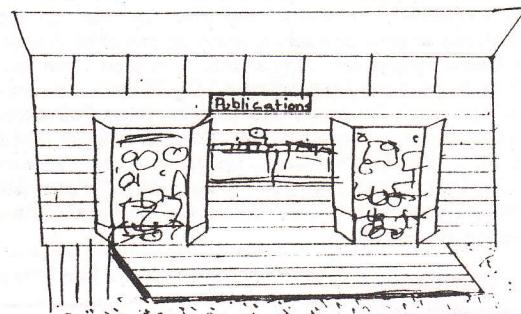
Jeffrey Shuster Production Editor



As I look back and reflect upon this exhilarating summer, I have come to realize how quickly it has passed me by. I have conquered goals beyond my highest expectations and have completed tasks, many of which are still incomprehensible. On June 25, my dad and I drove up a seemingly endless hill, with greeters along the way. Everybody in this foreign place was so friendly. I was shown to my bunk, and then given a tour of the camp by Alex Rich. Since that first day, I have begun to know Buck's Rock's prized campers and staff. I have been keeping busy, not letting a unique opportunity pass me by. In my lengthy travels, I discovered the publications shop. I found everybody to be friendly and kind. Since that day, I have been interested in every aspect of Pub, from writing to layout, from photo to production. After a lot of time and hard work, I made the commitment to be a yearbook production editor. Being a Production Editor is difficult. It involves a lot of time and hard work. Shrink wrapping, plate making, and printing are all important parts of my job. I would like to thank all of my co-production editors, Nick and Andrew, and assistants Brad, Andrew Z., and Becky. I'd like to extend a very special thanks to the Editors-in-Chief, Alex, Katharine, and Brett for doing a great job "bossing" and supervising all of the editors. The art and layout editors, Blythe, and Meridith, and assistants Joey, Anne, and Kevin deserve a thank you for laying out every single page in the yearbook, as do photo editors, Lauren and Jon, and Nick for doing a great job printing and taking photos. I'd like to thank the writing editors Dan and Erin, and assistant Michael for controlling the flow of submissions to the yearbook, and copy editors Annie, Jena, and Katie for doing a great job editing and proofing every page in the yearbook. I'd like to thank the moral support editors, Heidi, and Emily, and Lil for doing a phenomenal job keeping all of the editors "cool." Lastly, I also must thank all of the Publications shop staff who assisted in tasks which the editors themselves could not do. Thank you everybody for working well, and for making my first summer at Buck's Rock a memorable one.



-Jeffrey Shuster,
Production Editor



Please put your hands together for . . .

Heidi Handelsman, Massage Goddess (Moral Support Editor)

By the way, to find me in the directory, check "Sarah Handelsman," whoever that is

I love alchemy. As an alchemist myself, my specialty is transforming random objects into charms of good fortune. The spell is so simple. I just tell them that they will bring me luck, and they do. My wrist is usually bedabbled with lucky rubber bands and the pouch around my neck is full of goodies.

Can I share some philosophy with you? I don't believe in a god or an organized universe. I see our funky, crazy world as a great, big, tangled, eternal ball of string. In this world, every movement changes the whole tangled mess. Therefore, everything everyone does affects everything else. If power is just the ability to change the world, then no one has more power than anyone else. You just have to learn how to use it.

Buck's Rock transforms people. This is my fifth summer here, my second summer as a clown CIT, and my first summer as an editor. I came here, twelve years old, as a shy, quiet, insecure girl, who never expressed herself. Now that I'm sixteen, I'm still a girl, but completely different otherwise. I opened my mouth to talk for my first time here in 1993, and I have yet to shut up. I have grown so much here, and I hope to continue to do so. Buck's Rock changes me every time I come back, and I'm curious to see what else it has in store for me.

I have a bizillion people to thank. Here it goes . . . Thank you, Ernst for creating such an incredible place, Mom and Dad for sending me here over and over, Risa for being happy, Leanne for letting me abuse you, Katharine for your love, words, council, pigs, and clothes (especially the turtleneck), Brett for hiring me, for all that gossip, and for growing up a bit, Alex Rich for singing Evita in Spanish and for urine water, Blythe for your laugh, Brad for being so damn talented, Dorothy for chocolate cake and intelligence, Louie for being Canadian, for being honest, for being Urine Boy, and for being there for me to love, Alex Kroll for being wonderful, kind, ticklish, and for dinner, Pic for having only one name, Josh for understanding and massages, Danny for being Big Sib and for hugs, Rachel Spiller for smiles, Marc for being creative, Gwen for the scent of vanilla, balloons, and wonderful long talks, Lauren Gottlieb for always finding something for me to kill, Simon for discovering new reasons for me to use a comb, Eliza Bean for being a strong woman, Justin for irony and inspiration, THE B-42s for being there (considering the consequence); I LOVE YOU ALL!!! . . . I mean, James for lewd remarks and wisdom, Max for your ability to sell anything, Owen for dancing like a puppet, Nick for photographing key moments, Dov for your hair and for all that magic in the blackouts, Whyle for being missing, Peter, Kenwyn, the Zeltoid, the 80s Stars Emilies, Fancy Pants, Johnny the Rock, Cup-O-Soup Merelis, and the rest of those crazy clowns for being magically delicious, Steve and the cast of Ui for being relaxed but firm, my lovely Ernie and the wonderful cast of Midsummer for being dainty as a duck, the amazing Pub Staff, whom I love, for giving me the opportunity to help out, Lilith for strength, Eunice "Funniest Girl in the World" Kim, Ruth "Can Drive" Israely, and Kate "is Great" Scelsa for making me miss you so much, Jake Lilien for being my idol, for food, and for sleeping on my coffee table, and finally, everyone on earth for helping to make things turn out so nicely.

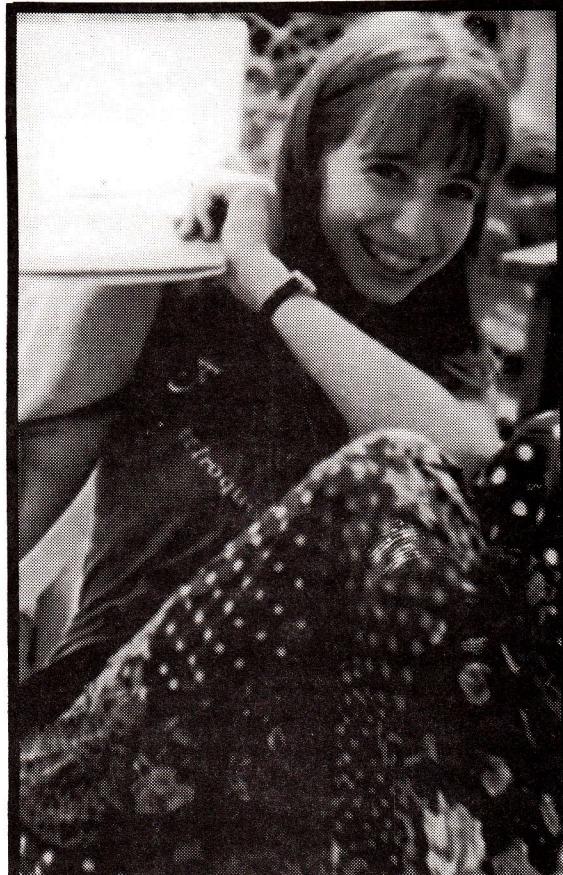
I hope that everyone who has ever felt curious someday, while looking up at the stars, finds enough courage to let go of gravity and fall into the sky.

"You can say 'God bless you' when I sneeze, but it won't help me, 'cause those evil spirits won't leave me alone."
-Kim Fox

"If you've got a wife, we'll fire her."
-Kami Lyle

"Blue bird of friendliness, like guardian angels, it's always near."
-They Might Be Giants

"And the days went by like paper in the wind. Everything changed, then changed again."
-Tom Petty



Hanging Upside Down On The Porch

by Lilith Sylvia Houseman

Editorial Consultant: Kevin Feil Secunda

After I wrote the first draft of this editorial, I gave it to my friend Kevin to edit. He made several changes which made it much more funny and interesting. The day before it was due I was reading it over and realized that it was no longer mine, it was his. Every word screamed Kevin and my voice was lost in his. So I wrote it over. The following is a complete Lili production, for better or for worse.

When I decided to go to the first yearbook meeting second session, I was very hesitant. I hadn't been to pub at all first session and I didn't know any pubbles. In fact, I was afraid of pubbles. But I went anyway. I figured that if I didn't like it I could leave.

I don't know what possessed me to fill out the editor application, but I'm not one of those people who does things half way. If I was going to be at pub, I was going to have a job to do.

You can imagine my surprise when I found out that I had been accepted as an assistant moral support editor.

From then on I was at pub fairly often. So often, in fact, that I was promoted to a full editor and given a full page editorial in the year book. When I found out I was excited, but I was also concerned. I didn't think I would have enough to say to fill a whole page. However, once I sat down at the computer I realized I had so much to say that I would almost definitely fill the whole page and might even have to cut some out.

The pubbles now know my name and to outsiders, I may look like a pubble. But I'm not. I don't know how to do any real pubble things, I just do whatever needs to be done that everyone else is too busy to do. If I don't know how to do it, I ask for help or eventually figure it out myself. I never do anything particularly complicated.

I'm approximately half way through so I'm going to start thank yous now. I would like to thank my roommates, Amanda and Liz, for listening to my problems while adding some of their own (think the "M" word). I have to thank Kevin for magic advil, inventing the word "prepple" and being a very direct matchmaker. I'm never bringing you a problem again if you're going to take the most direct route to solving it. I must thank Melissa for always staying true to her Melissalshness. (Is that a word? Well if not, it should be.) It would have been a completely different summer without you and I missed you the last 2 weeks. I also have to thank Alicia for being with me in my time of need. I want to thank Blythe and everyone else who went to the Elizabeth Morrow School. I want to thank Barry. Thank you Jamie, for good times and bad, we made it through and stayed friends. I must thank Herbert (or erb) the friendly grasshopper. Lauren, thank you for working on the tapestry because if you didn't it just wouldn't get done. Let's thank Julia, Penelope/Adam, both Jena's, John, Emery, Josh Levin and Josh Abbot. Allison, Lori and Sara, thank you for taking me in first session when I knew no one. Thank you, my fellow editors, without whom there would be no yearbook; Katharine, Alex and Brett the editors-in-chief for working so hard on this yearbook; and the entire helpful pub staff, just for existing. And a special thank you to Brett, for great times together; I wish the summer would never end. I've learned so much and had so many new experiences this summer. Thank you Brett, thank you everyone, for a summer to remember.

Le Morale Supporte Editor

Emily Mann

Okay. This is supposedly my page to write about ME. But unlike other PVB staff editors and editor assistants, I'm going to stray from the well-beaten path and write a simple poem. It was going to be in the lit section, but I never got the chance to turn it in, as my days are completely booked in these last few weeks before The End Of Camp. I fear that day, The End Of Camp, because it will set in motion the horrible cycle of the year again: nine months of torture waiting for summer, and three short months that contain summer. Am I boring you to tears yet? Sorry. My poem:

Do You? ©

A rainbow 'cross the clear blue sky.
Do you see it?
A blue bird cries a happy cry.
Do you hear it?
In the oven bakes a pie.
Do you smell it?
Notice all the good things in your life.
Then you will be happy.



Good? Don't copy it! Anyways, I'd like to thank a lotta people for my incredible first summer at Buck's Rock: Logan Hickey (thanx for being there for me!). Lauren Lanier (we never quite got along, but I luv ya anyways!). Liz Nessoff (LOVIS!). Simon and 'Pheonix' (and their wierd eyes). Brett (for being annoying and giving Jena something GOOD to whine about). Jena (for her addiction to the lower case alphabet). Katharine (for being a really cool big sister). Leona (remember our walk?). Lee-Anne (for being sweet). Heidi (for sharing the chore of Morale Supporte). Peter Strauss and The Clowns (for accepting me into the Clown show). Ellen (for having a passion for Disney that eclipses my own). Kate (don't give up on glass just because of Jessica!). Ernst Bulova (for being an incredible inspiration to us all) and Luis Crespo (for showing me what it's like to be around someone truly as annoying as myself).

And now the sappy part: There are a lot more people I wanna thank but I can't remember all of their names, and so, if you ever knew me, thanx for making my summer one to remember and cherish for a lifetime.

See Ya Next Summer in '98!

RAMBLINGS

By Michael DeMarco

As an Assistant Writing Editor, it is my responsibility to write an editorial. I have little to say about alchemy- I had a number of other choices for the title of the yearbook. However, I believe "Alchemy" is an appropriate title in an artistic sense because the visual and written works appearing in the yearbook were successfully transformed from poppycock into meaningful art.

It is my belief that everyone here at Buck's Rock is a creator of some sort, and, as such, practices wizardry. I, as Assistant Writing Editor for Alchemy 1997 and as a Pub CIT, have tried to utilize this wizardry in order to generate something of value. Many here have succeeded at this task, and I can only hope that I am among them.

Before I conclude this piece, I would like to acknowledge certain people who deserve my profuse gratitude: God, for absolutely everything, Jon Rachmani, for wit and wisdom, Raphi Gottesman, Jon Feinstein, and Rachel Jacobs, for inviting me to join Bee Husbandry, Alex Kroll, for agreeing to accompany me at Silent Nite #2 and for moral support, Peter LiCalsi, for much amusement, Lauren Gottlieb, for much encouragement, Katie Tabb, for her patience and encouragement, Mimi Eadan, for moral support, Sarah Shacter, for being exceptionally tolerant. I would also like to thank Maxine Lewis, Kelsey Bennett, Jonathan Kroll, Adam Purcell, Bruce Smith, Isaac Butler, Mike Bell, Becky Mulligan, Jon Metric, my bunkmates, all the Pub staff, and others too numerous to mention. On this note I conclude this editorial, looking back on a terrific summer and looking forward to 1998.

Anne Fenton

Assistant to the goddesses of Art and Layout

The feelings I experienced the first time I entered the Pub garden were about the same as I imagine those of the first person to try entering a black hole would be. I wondered if I would ever be able to escape its deadly clutches, or if I would become of one the infamous "pubbies" that in years past had intimidated me beyond belief. Well, I'm glad to say I survived Pub, and to my own surprise I enjoyed it immensely. Of course, I never could have made it without the help of a few furry woodland creatures along the way, so I would like to use the rest of my precious space to give them credit: To my bunkmates- you are all wonderful, to Hillary, Regina, Cattie, Laura, and Morgan- SAPU! Put on some clothes, to the cast and crew of the Crucible, especially Abby's posse- I love you all, keep in touch, to Joelle Rearp Dunam- thank you for three great shows, to all my friends from Boy's Shops '96 and of course, AJ- thanks for two great summers, and finally to everyone at Pub shop, especially Meredith and Blythe- you've all made this a wonderful experience for me. Well, that's it. Goodnight and thank you, Senor Jabon.

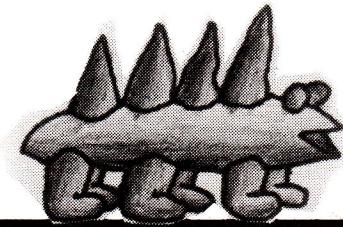


JOEY SNOOKAMEL ROTH

TO rythmically bang on synthetic skin. TO sail in atmospheric
VESSELS. TO converse with chocolate. TO SURVIVE
Slumber and to stratificate peasants. TO OUT-
LAW sonic donuts. TO SURVIVE life in the
inner city ghetto of Montclair. TO
FEST on Dino Fries. And, of course,
TO BE A COW. SNOOKAMEL



special thanks to Jonny,
my spiritual
adviser.



To Learn New Things

by Kevin Feil Secunda

This year was my first summer here. I had gone to an all-boys sports camp for six years before coming here and this type of camp was a bit of a change from that. Therefore, I didn't know what to expect when I came here.

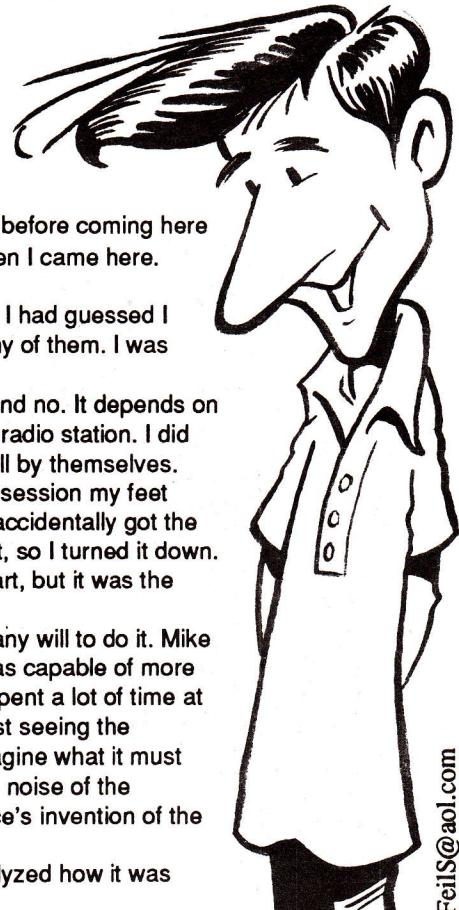
When I got here many questions remained in my head, but two in particular.

One: Would I meet a lot of people? And the answer was yes, too many people. Although I had guessed I would come here and meet some people, little did I know that I would come here and meet so many of them. I was definitely overwhelmed.

Two: Would I find activities to do that I liked and was *remotely* good at? Perhaps. Yes, and no. It depends on who you ask; the time of day. I knew when I came here that I wanted to do the news on the camp radio station. I did that everyday at 5:30, and it went very well. I also found my feet walking down to play tryouts--all by themselves. First session I found a nice sized part in the musical She Loves Me. That was really fun. Second session my feet walked right on down to tryouts, yet again, on their own. I tried out for the play The Crucible and accidentally got the lead part in the play---with three digits worth of lines, but so much hard work. I didn't want the part, so I turned it down. It was too much work for something I didn't really want. It was an honor to be asked to play the part, but it was the correct decision, for me, to turn it down.

I also learned how to do something that I never thought I would do, nor did I really have any will to do it. Mike Hingley in the Publications Shop taught me how to draw. Although I wasn't the most talented, I was capable of more than I thought. Though not a profession for me, definitely an activity to do on a rainy day. I also spent a lot of time at publications helping out in many different ways, which was an enjoyable learning experience. Just seeing the traditional publication process was amazing to me, and in all my time here, I couldn't help but imagine what it must have been like to work on a professional publication in the early days of the publishing world. The noise of the presses sent me back in time to the days of the first printed interview in *Harper's*, and Henry Luce's invention of the newsmagazine.

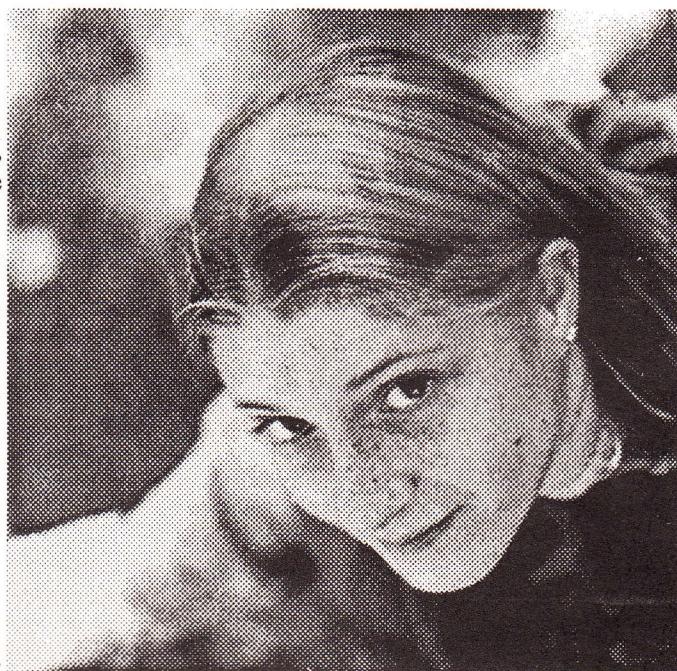
Another thing I did at Buck's Rock was to stop by Video. I learned how to edit, and I analyzed how it was done. In fact, the list goes on, but I only have half a page.



tangled up in (reflex) blue

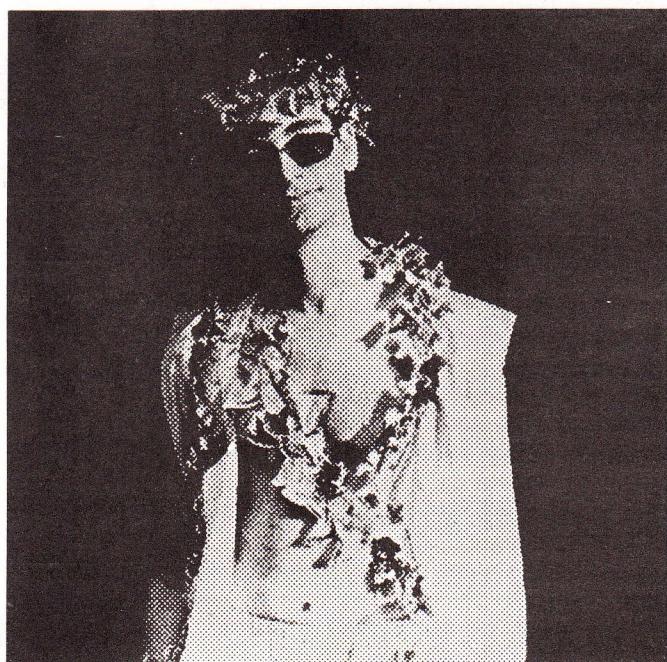
Hi. Brad Emily Raimondo, assistant production editor, pleased to meet you. This is my page, which, unless you have some particular interest in me, probably means next to nothing to you. However, since you've read so far you might as well continue reading, since, after all, why do we write if not for people to read what we have written, and, for that matter, why do people read but to give writers a reason to write? Anyway, assuming that you have read thus far and intend to continue farther I suppose I owe it to you to write something worth the reading of, for, after all, why do we write if not... but I digress. This summer has been an interesting one indeed for me, partially due to the fact that I have had the pleasure of working with the wonderful yearbook staff, who have been a constant source of inspiration, agitation, irrigation, and, of course, tintinnabulation. I suppose that at this point I would do best to move on to the more than necessary thank you portion of this editorial, so, here goes:

The management would like to extend special thanks to.... Katrina The Defiant One for being more dependable than the Post Office and occasionally completing a run in record time; the Pub staff for being cool; Katharine Grover Bartow for obvious reasons; Mom unt Dad for giving Katharine her middle-name; Richard Oppenheimer, for being a better human being than some other Richards that we know; Andrew for being an Admiral in a world of Ensigns; Carl Sagan; Steve. Ernie. Joelle and the clowne staff for relieving me of anything even resembling free time; Becca and Sara for being always the women; Emily Weinstein for showing me the light; Jonny The Rock; Becky for being there when I need her; Kurt Vonnegut; GOD for being GOD-like; John Levy (you know why, don't you John?); Coffee; Gojo; the casts and crews of Bugsy. Madwoman and Midsummer; Laura Millendorf, for helping to make my first Buck's Rock productions memorable; Bob Dylan; Heidi for loving me despite my tone-deafness; Blythe for thanking me in her editorial; Liz; The Tombstone Blues; Leah. Jenny. Odwyn. Mike. Nick. Haley. Cara. Josh. Dov. PYC and everyone else for being (whoo-ha!) great friends; the denizens of room 23-A; Scott for being the funkiest white man alive, Commander Theodore Sugardaddy Phillips fer stuff, and Josh... I guess; Marc. Mike and everyone else at Cabins-Up; Ernst, of course; and, last but not least Kate, for being always wonderful, I love you.



sall; becky sall: assistant production editor extrodinare

It's been a fun summer, besides being my first one on yearbook. i couLdn't be here as much as i wanted due to Other things, but i enjoyed it just the same. katrina the defiant one has been a worthy and wonderful friend, and i have enjoyed working with her. oh, and i've enjoyed working with the pub staff too. there are some people i haVe to thank: jessi, allison, and janinE for being cool and tolerating me. kellita, for her tarot talent and some great readings. euSe, for living in corn (just kidding). eliza, all i have to say is elephants. dov, for having great hair. Pic, for having a cool name and being an otherwise fun person. jessica, for her "advice" at the fOlk festival. becca, for brushing her hair 42 times a day. Rad, for listening to me and keeping me sane. nick, for being wonderful and making me "be nice". jon rachmani, for wearing blazerS. john levy, for late night entertainment, "where did I get this cup?" brett, thanks for the use of the darkroom, and many wonderful back rubs. leah, for being daring enough to be herself. mike for anything but the fat suit. katharine for naming the press. alexis for living in paris. owen for being a woody. jamie for playing the baritone horn. jenny for wearing cool glasses. and everyone else, you know who you are and why i love you. that's it, the end.



Andrew Zorowitz, Production Assistant

Well, I guess this is it. I am writing this just shortly before the editorials are due in. I guess I am going to write this in a very standard format, thank the people who helped me get through this work, and other boring things like inside jokes?

To start I think I must thank the great cast of the radio show I work on called *Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy*, especially Nat Budin and David Glasser, the other directors, for both giving me a good reason to escape pub and forgiving me during the many times that I just could not get away from those presses even though the show was going through a major crisis. Also to the cast who was able to put up with rehearsals jumping times around to make it possible. Oh and of course, I have to thank whoever is actually reading this against all odds and inclinations to do so.

I would also like to thank my bunkmates for putting up with me while I talked nonsense about the yearbook and whatnot. With these thanks said, I guess I can go on to the next thing, yes you guessed it, Inside Jokes.

INSIDE JOKE WARNING!!

"Nat, you connect the IPX cable using the new upgraded MIDI variant of the SB driver 3.0." "Jeff, I've got some bug bands for you, I will deliver them in the most impossible place in your bunk to remove them." "Oh and Jonah, I promise I will get rid of those bug bands." "Doug, you can borrow the Vampire books some other time, I lent them out (well their actually under the bed, but you DONT know that!)."

Thank You to the Editors From the Editors

Well, the time has come at last. We are close enough to the end that we are actually beginning to believe that this yearbook will be finished on schedule. It would not have been possible to finish without the hard work of some very dedicated editors. Erin and the rest of the writing editors, you guys did a fabulous job hassling the shops into turning in their articles and typing everything into the computer. Katie, Jena and Annie, you worked hard as copy editors, making sure that all of the stories had been edited and, because you worked so quickly, stayed around even when there was no work for you to do. Nick W., Lauren and Jon, our enthusiastic photo editors, you managed to get the photographs in to us despite some - ahem - communication problems between Pub and Photo. Blythe, Meredith and their wonderful crew of Art and Layout assists, the yearbook looks great. Thanks for working over-time all the time. Brad, Andrew M., Andrew Z., Nick H. and all the other production editors, you managed to complete amazing numbers of runs in an amazingly short period of time. You even learned how to work with "Katrina the Defiant One." Last but not least, the moral support editors: Heidi, Lil and Emily. When you were at the shop you were always cheerful and compliant helpers. You left no snack unfetched and no back unrubbed. Once more a huge thanks to all of the editors: we hope that we were not too hard on you and that you had a great experience working on Alchemy.

Thanks Once More,



Alex Rich



Katharine Bartow



Brett Kizner

Ode to the Staff from the Editors-In-Chief

-or-

Thanks For keeping the yearbook free from grief

Well the end of the year is close at hand,
This summer has been really grand;
We owe a lot to our dear staff
Always ready with a laugh.

Bob was the captain of our crew,
From thick to thin he led us through;
Ian blared his music at a volume loud,
But his press runs did make us proud.

Mike was king of the light table
Pasting as fast as he was able;
Alice corrected with her red pen:
When finished they were perfect then.

Amy helped us fight writers' block
Tons of word games she had in stock;
Gabby was often not in sight
Printing photos out of daylight.

Jon taught us to illustrate
And get all things ready to plate;
The drawing game was **Kirsten**'s mark,
Her reading sessions were quite a lark.
Through **Jared**'s press the work did flow:
At six he cleaned up with Gojo.

Anna was our computer expert,
To lay out errors she was alert;
Shelley was mentor to us all,
With her we always had a ball;
Marc planned cool trips and helped us write -
The Marc Gallery was sheer delight!

Joelle assisted everywhere,
From shrinkwrap to writing she used great care.
To the shop **Emily** was a happy addition,
To get all PMTed seemed to be her mission.

So now as the time comes that each one departs,
The E-n-C's thank you with all of our hearts!

Publications Staff 1997

Bob "Head Honcho" Dicke
Ian "Dig the Music" Jackson
Mike "It's Out in October" Hingley

Alice "Red Pen" O'Grady
Amy "Another Lit Mag" Walter
Gabby "Darkroom" Spragg
Jon "Clean-up Time" Leigh
Kirsten "Paste-up Time" Sims
Jared "Press Fixer" Hirsch
Anna "Alien Head" Bradley
Shelley "Conchita" Lavin -JC
Marc "Poetry Slam" Mayer -JC

Joelle "Jo-Jo" Yudin -JC

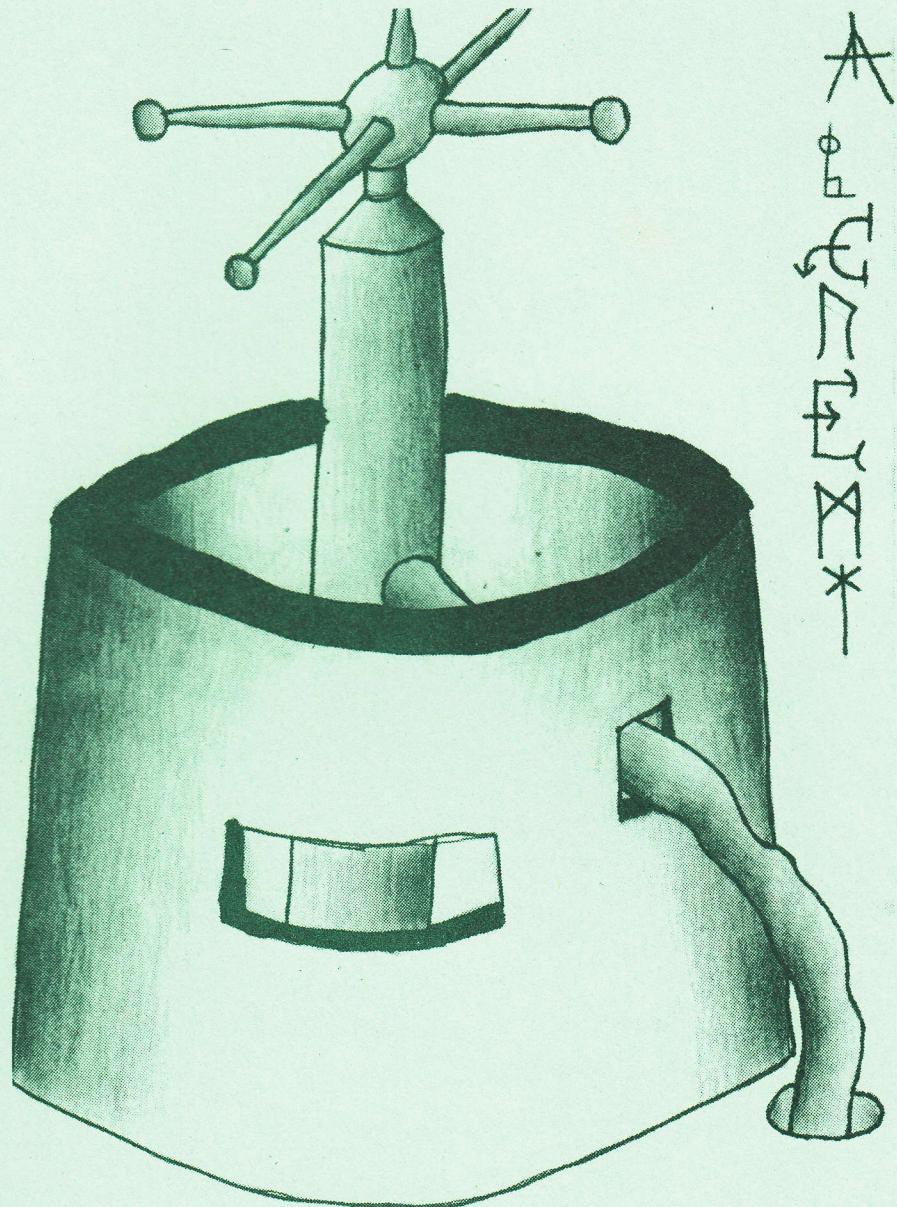
Emily Meg "Sing in the Dark" Weinstein -JC
Alex "Don't Surf" Rich -CIT
Katharine "The Defiant" Bartow -CIT
Dan "Huggable" Dorfman -CIT
Mike "Performer" DeMarco -CIT
Kira "Newest Edition" Brook -CIT

Alex Rich

Katharine Bartow

Beth Hingley

•FINALE•



“I stood without clothes. I danced in the sand.
I was aching with freedom and kissing
the damned. I said, ‘Remember this as how
it should be’ ”

Amy Ray.

Message from the Directors

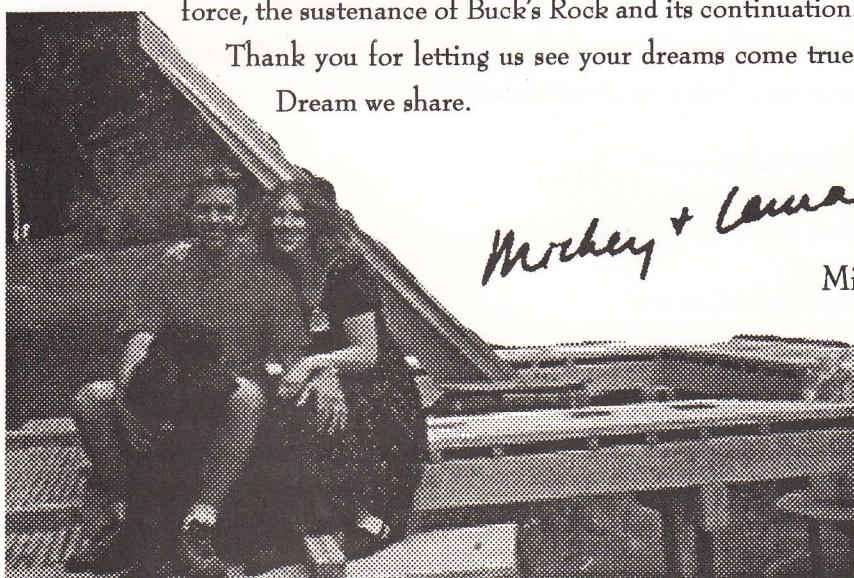
In our welcome to you at the beginning of the summer, we wanted to impress upon you, our campers and our staff, the exhilarating powers of this magical place called Buck's Rock. We appealed to you to allow its energy to enter your spirit, to embrace its stimulating powers and refreshing visions, to succumb to its wonder and uniqueness, and in doing so, to discover personal reward.

We are filled with celebration at the birth and life of the summer of 1997 - overjoyed to see the fruits of your labors. Through your projects and activities - your successes and frustrations - we shared your fulfillment, your disappointment and exhaustion. As we walked through the shops and activity areas, we witnessed the rush of energy and joy that flowed through our instructors and counselors into the creative arteries of our campers. We share your pride in accomplishment and admire and commend you for both courage and perseverance in surrendering yourselves to the enchantment of the dream that is Buck's Rock.

The promise of the last 55 years holds true today. Here at Buck's Rock you have had the opportunity to grow, to learn much about yourselves and others and, hopefully, about what you can bring to the world. You have made your mark here selecting from the varied choices offered to you. You may have blown a vase, thrown a pot or woven a blanket; perhaps you pursued martial arts or tennis, performed in a concert or a play or learned to juggle; maybe you even made a wooden bowl on a lathe or batiked a wall hanging which you then quilted in sewing; or perhaps your poems were published in the literary magazine or your articles were printed in our newspaper. Allow your constructive experiences with us, your Buck's Rock friends and family, to give you the confidence and determination to continue to exceed your expectations, to dazzle yourselves and the world with your talents, cooperation, appreciation, and the spirit of Buck's Rock that now resides within you.

When we welcomed you at the beginning of the summer, we charged you with the responsibility of creating your own magical summer of growth and achievements, of transforming dreams to realities. And that is what you have done. You have embraced all that Buck's Rock has to offer and you have claimed it as your own, as well you should. Buck's Rock is in all of us. Your loyalty and love are the life force, the sustenance of Buck's Rock and its continuation. We feel blessed to be a part of it.

Thank you for letting us see your dreams come true, here at the Midsummer Night's Dream we share.

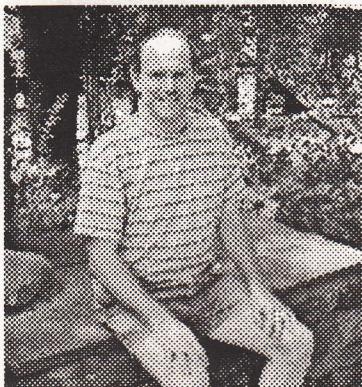


Mickey + Laura Morris

Mickey and Laura Morris

Directors

Alchemy



When I heard that this would be the title of the yearbook, I reveled in the thoughts of what a rich image it provided to play with in my letter for the yearbook. I would write about how you all had been alchemists this summer, transforming the "prima materia" of a block of wood, a lump of clay, or a jumble of thoughts and feelings into the "ultima materia" of a table, a teapot, or poem; and of the greater deed of transforming the "lead" of the world into the "gold" of your ideals.

But, of course, when I read what Ernst wrote, I realized that he had already done so (and much more articulately than I could).

All right, I thought, I can write about the magic of Buck's Rock, about your extraordinary accomplishments in its shops and on its stages; about how it has felt to watch you discover the challenges and joys of creating, and of discovering your talents and true personality.

And then, I read what Laura and Mickey had written, and realized that they had already done so (and much more wonderfully than I could).

Once all this has been written, what is left?

On the first night of camp, I shared this quote from Nelson Mandela's inaugural address:

"Your playing small doesn't serve the world."

I hope you have all begun to learn how to "play big" this summer.

I hope that you have begun to realize that to serve the world is to work to make it a better place; and that not only can the world be made a better place, but that this is our greatest challenge and holds the greatest rewards.

I hope that you have begun to learn the skills and gain the courage and strength you will need to serve the world.

Mr. Mandela said in the same speech,

"Our greatest fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure...We ask ourselves, who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous? Actually who are you not to be?"

I hope you have all begun to feel and respect your power.

I hope you have all begun to realize your brilliance and talents.

I hope you all realize how gorgeous and fabulous you are!

Can you do all this in a short summer at Buck's Rock? Those of us who have been here know we can. And I have seen you, each of you, do so.

Congratulations. Thank you. Keep on keeping on.



Jon Metric
Assistant Director

(Next year, I'll write first.)

AUTO LAUGH

AUTO CRY

YOU AUTO SIGN MY AUTOGRAPH



YOU AUTO SIGN MY AUTOGRAPH

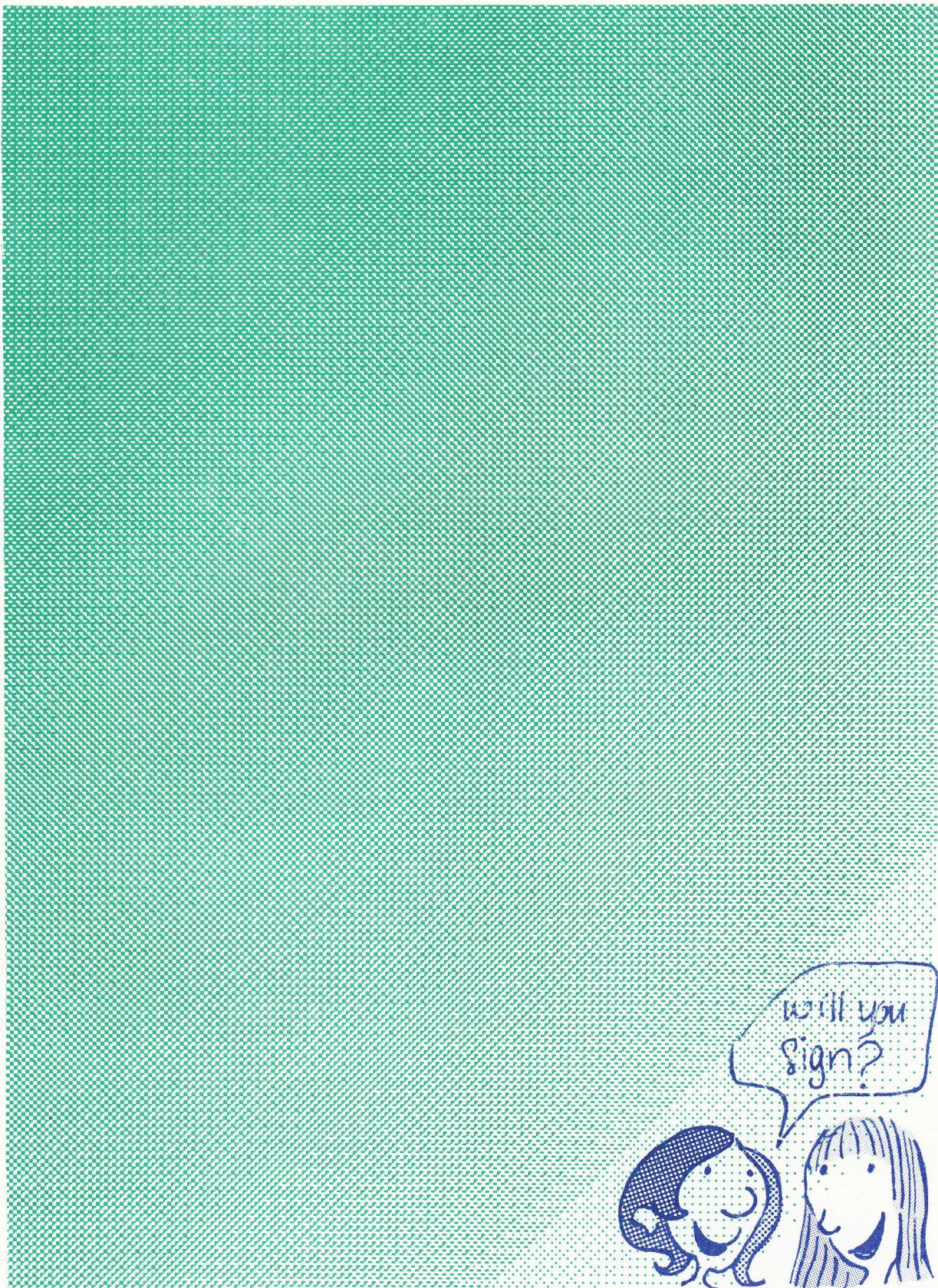
AUTO LAUGH

AUTO CRY



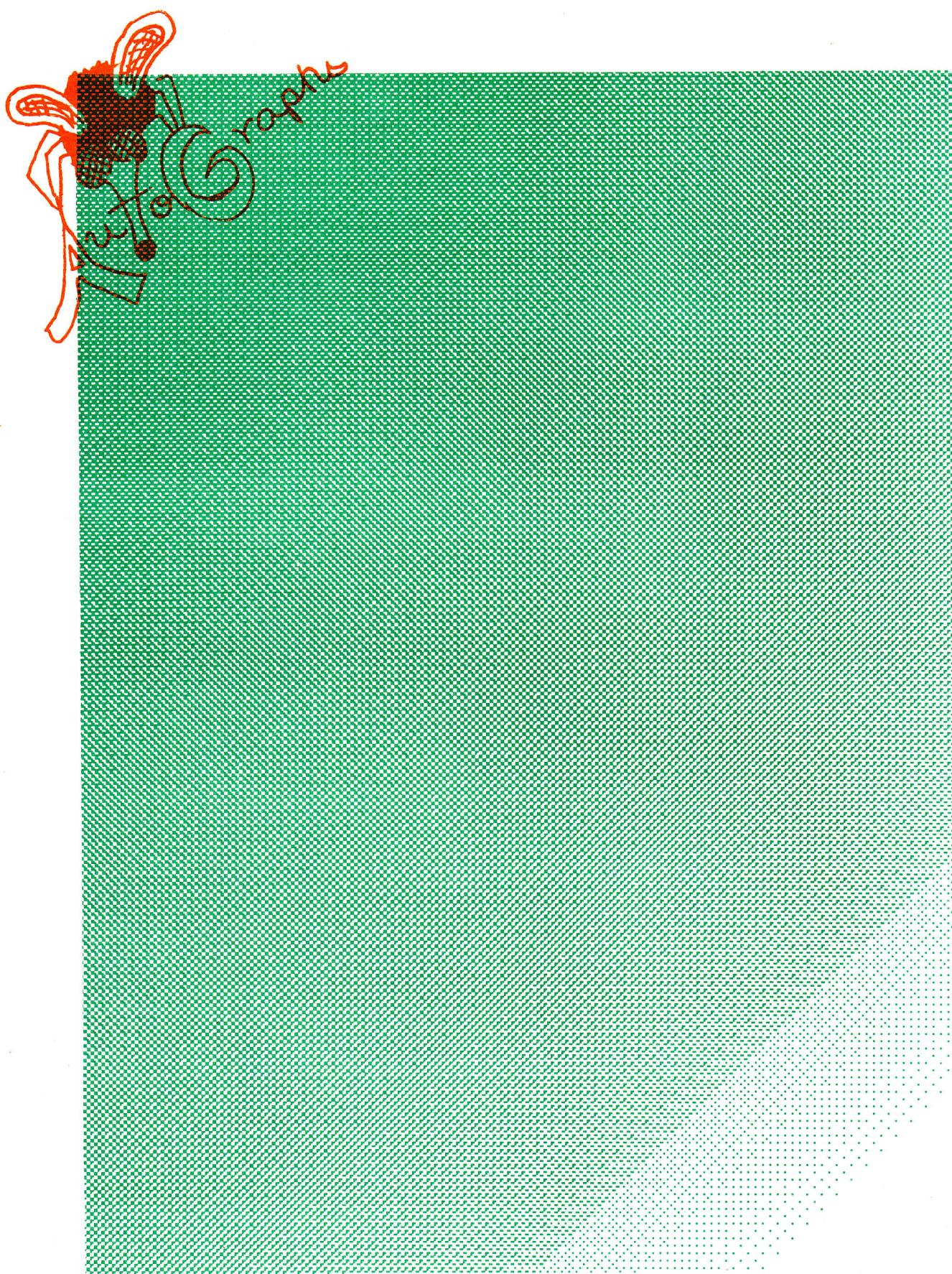
Autographs

adieu adieu Remember me









yooo-hooo...

REMEMBER final early season

enrollment for ALL sessions is

december 1st
1997.

on the **ANNUAL REUNION**

will be held on

At the New
YORK Society
FOR ethical
CULTURE

we will show the
FANTASTIC
Memories video
and serve you
a little snack!

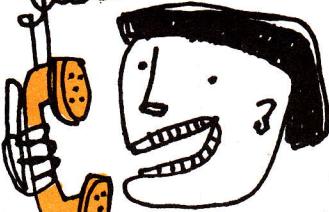
SUNDAY. Seventh
of December. from
2:00 PM to 4:00 PM

on 2 west 64th street
in New York city
(OFF OF central park)



SEE you ALL THERE! right there!
yay!!!

860.354.5030



buck's ROCK camp

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Alchemy 1997

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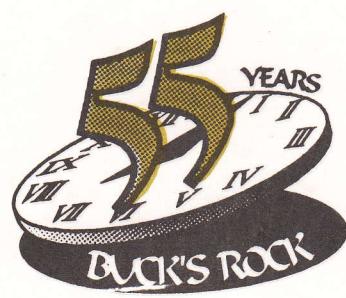
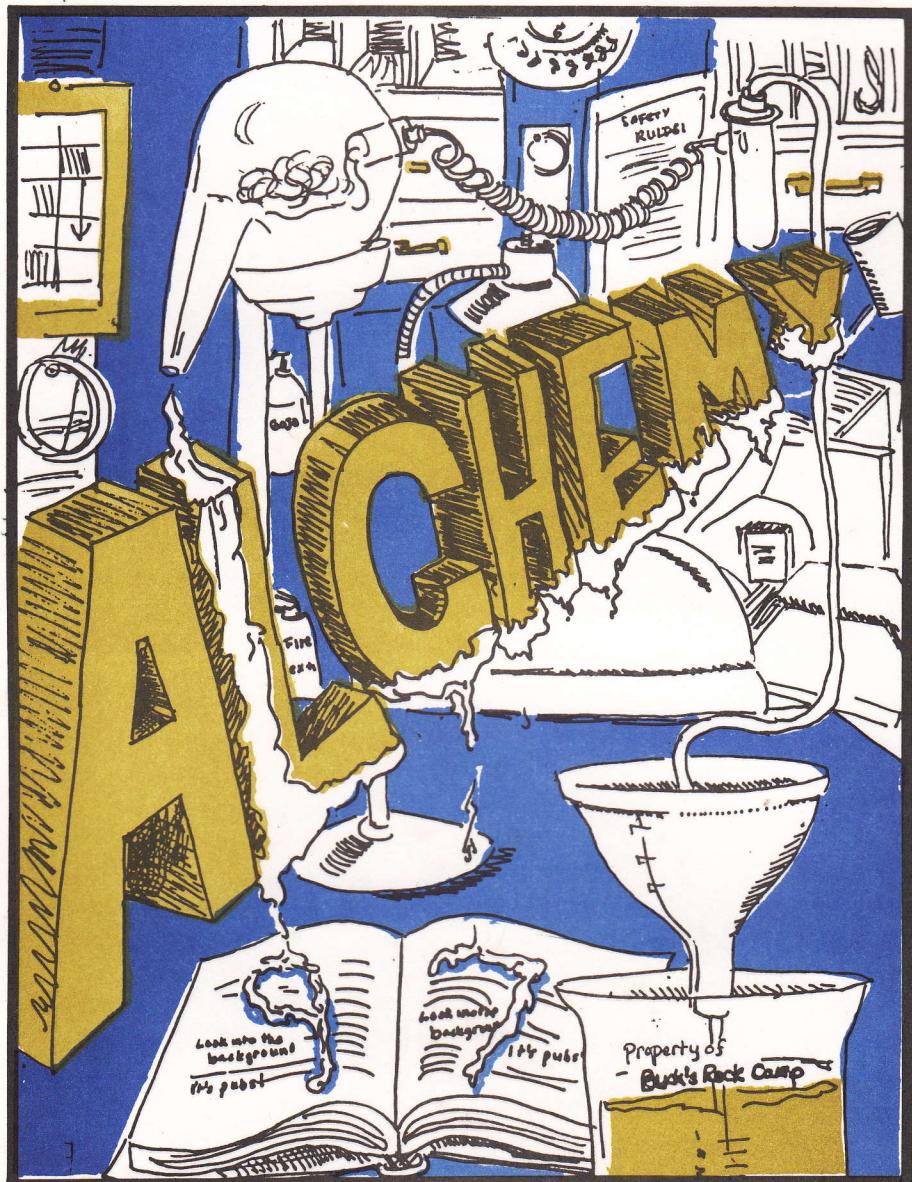
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The first ever full color photo printed at the Buck's Rock Pub. shop. Amazing for a 17yr old (approx.) AB Dick 9810 press. Designed and printed by Brett 'the separator' Kizner and Ian 'printmaster' Jackson.





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